In this issue *of* The Outlook

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Los Angeles Brought Water from the Mountains

and with it a bitter feud. The story of that fight for the water of the Owens River is told in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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The Outlook

Volume 146 July 6, 1927 Number 10

The Naval Conference

AT Geneva John Bull is playing a different rôle from that which he played nearly six years ago at Washington.

After the first surprise of Secretary Hughes's announcement on November 12, 1921, of the American plan to stop the naval race where it was John Bull became the cordial backer of Uncle Sam. There were reasons for this. Uncle Sam was in a way to outdistance John Bull on the sea, and John Bull was glad to accept a proposal that Uncle Sam should stop where he was. Then, too, Jean Crapaud was toying with submarines, and John wanted Sam's backing—moral backing—in discountenancing that. Also there was the Dominions' distrust of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. So John Bull was very glad to concur with Uncle Sam in any sacrifice he might make. But since then affairs have changed. Now John Bull finds Uncle Sam's proposal not to his liking at all.

So the first week of discussion at the Three Power Naval Conference at Geneva has ended with the British interposing the chief obstacle to real reduction of naval armaments.

Again there are reasons.

The largest naval vessels below the capital ships are the 10,000-ton cruisers. Of these Great Britain has built or has appropriated money for the building of fifteen. She has some of them under construction. The United States, on the other hand, has but two such cruisers under construction and has authorized the building of only six more. Moreover, the Government of the United States has shown little disposition to strengthen the American Navy's cruiser fleet. There seems, therefore, no prospect of Uncle Sam's outdistancing John Bull in this class of vessels. Besides these Great Britain has twelve cruisers ranging from 7,500 to 9,700 tons, while the United States has only ten of 7,500 tons. Great Britain also has naval bases all over the world, which enables her to keep her cruisers where they can be of use without steaming great distances. Though nominally Great Britain and the United States are on a parity in respect to battleships, Great Britain has just completed two battleships of 35,000 or 36,000 tons that are the most powerful ships afloat. In that situation Great Britain suggests, first, that battleships hereafter should not exceed 30,000 tons, and, second, objects to any real and genuine reduction as to cruisers except by limiting the size of every cruiser hereafter to be built to 7,500 tons.

As the Geneva Conference was not called to consider battleships, which were settled at the Washington Conference until 1931, nor to encourage the building of cruisers, which it would do if Great Britain's proposals were accepted, the American delegation has found the attempt to bring auxiliary ships to the 5–5–3 ratio adopted for capital ships obstructed.

Hugh Gibson's Cool Head

IN this situation a good deal depends upon the ability and common sense of those who represent the United States. It would be easy for the American delegates to adopt a policy of bluster. The only obvious answer to such a position as that which Great Britain has taken is the answer of the shipyard. We may not have the ships, but we have the men, and, what is more, we have the money. If we wanted to, we could build more ships than Great Britain could, for our resources are greater and we are not saddled with external debts, with a dole system for the unemployed, with the cost in men and morale of a general strike.

But Mr. Hugh Gibson, the chairman of the American delegation, has made no threats, has issued no warnings. He has heard patiently what the British have to say. He has made it plain that nothing in the world can prevent and no one in the world wants to prevent Great Britain from discussing battleships as much as she wishes; but he has also made it plain that there is nothing to require and nothing to induce the United States to discuss battleships.

If Great Britain can be satisfied with nothing less than a program that would simply mean giving the United States liberty to build as many cruisers as Great Britain has now, a liberty which the United States already has, there is not much prospect that the real object of the Conference for the reduction or limitation of armaments can attain its object. The only plan so far that really would limit naval building and reduce the burden of naval armament is the American plan to apply the 5–5–3 ratio to auxiliary vessels as it is now applied to capital ships.

Japan has made it clear that she would like a little higher ratio than three-to-five in cruisers, and the United States has not been deaf to her arguments. The question whether the ratio should be 5–5–3 or 5–5–3.5 with reference to cruisers as distinct from capital ships does not seem beyond the pale of discussion, as does seem the idea that a conference for limitation of armament should be turned into a conference for increasing it, or the idea that a conference for considering cruisers and other auxiliary ships which are subject to no ratio should be turned into a conference for reconsidering the question concerning capital ships that has already been settled for at least four years to come.

Already news about the Naval Conference has begun to recede from the first page of the daily press. The Conference is reaching, or has reached, the stage when the most profitable discussion will be by naval experts. In the meantime the American people can profitably exercise patience. It is only fair to remember that Great Britain is an island that depends upon the sea for her supplies and cannot afford to weaken her defense of the highways of the sea. There is no reason in the world why either the United States or Great Britain should fear the other's navy. There is every reason in the world why both should co-operate as far as possible in making the cost of the support of protective navies as low as practicable.

M. Daudet Escapes

M. DAUDET has added another act to the exciting drama which all Paris has been watching with unrestrained joy. Just as the Government was about to respond to his gesture of surrender by magnanimously pardoning him he quietly escaped from prison. The Government was astounded and Paris delighted.

In enabling him to escape his ardent royalist supporters employed one of the most clever ruses imaginable. Taking the noon hour, when most French officials are away from their offices, one of the Camelots du Roi, the militant band of royalists formed by the inspiration of Daudet, gained access to the Ministry of the Interior, and telephoned to the director of the prison in which Daudet was held. Announcing himself as the Minister of the Interior, he ordered the

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release of Daudet, one of his royalist lieutenants, and also—to add spice to the occasion—a prominent Communist prisoner. He then waited for the expected return call in which the prison director sought confirmation of the unexpected order. The ruse worked perfectly, and the three prisoners were immediately released. Daudet disappeared into Paris while his excited and enthusiastic followers foregathered at the office of "L'Action Française" to drink champagne to the glory of royalism and the discomfiture of the Republican Government.

It was all a wonderful joke on the Government, but one rather difficult for the Government to appreciate. The Paris press lost no opportunity of dwelling upon the ridiculous position in which the Cabinet had been placed by a band of youthful royalists, and in a more serious mood asked how it could be possible that the Camelots du Roi could obtain so easily the release of an important political prisoner. "Corruption of the whole Government," "incoherence, anarchy, and ridicule," "disintegration of our régime," were among the phrases bandied about.

As this issue of The Outlook went to press there was a distinct feeling in Paris that something should be done about it. No one, including Premier Poincaré and the members of his Cabinet, seemed to know just what. But in the offices of "L'Action Française" the royalists were still celebrating, and somewhere M. Daudet must have been grinning sardonically at the efforts of the Government to retain its dignity.

Europe Worries Over Fashions

WHILE America has accepted with complaisance current fashions in women's clothes both on the street and on the beaches, there seems to be some agitation in Europe as to the moral significance of skirt lengths and bathing-suits.

Recently one faction of the Queen Louise Association in Germany declared that short skirts were a sign of moral degeneracy and began a campaign for long skirts. For some reason, it developed into a rural *versus* urban conflict, and the women of Berlin banded together in defense of prevailing fashions. On another front we find Italian women protesting against current brevities and carrying their campaign to an insistence upon skirts below the shoe-tops for all Italian girls. In some districts the movement for dress reform has met with considerable success. In Bologna children with short skirts are barred from the schools, while throughout Italy stricter regulations are in force for modesty on the beaches.

But it is in Turkey that the most drastic movement is under way. Numbers of Moslem women are supporting a campaign for a uniform dress for all women. Extravagance and feminine jealousy are the evils this movement fights, rather than moral degeneracy, and its program is for the adoption of some universal costume, neat but not gaudy. Perhaps this would solve many problems, but we somehow doubt the success of the movement. Women will dress pretty much as they desire despite all attempts at reform or standardization, and we may safely leave even skirt lengths and bathing-suits to their own sense of propriety.

"Twenty Questions" on General Information

Answered in this issue of The Outlook

1. Who is Emile Vandervelde? (P. 310.)
2. From what country does France import most of her coal? (P. 318.)
3. Who wrote "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"? (P. 322.)
4. What is "rigging" in rowing parlance? (P. 312.)
5. Who wrote "The Apostrophe to the Ocean"? (P. 314.)
6. Who was the founder of the "Little Order of the Brothers of Our Lady of Poverty"? (P. 321.)
7. Who is pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York? (P. 306.)
8. Who composed the opera "Parsifal"? (P. 324.)
9. What is the oldest university in America? (P. 306.)
10. Who is Hugh Gibson? (P. 299.)
11. What are the largest naval vessels below capital ships? (P. 299.)
12. Whose home run won the Yale-Harvard baseball game for Harvard? (P. 306.)
13. What is the Irish name for the Parliament of the Irish Free State? (P. 300.)
14. Who founded the University of Louvain? (P. 303.)
15. Which university won the Yale-Harvard boat race? (P. 305.)
16. What was the political status of Belgium before it became a kingdom? (P. 303.)
17. What is the purpose of MacMillan's expedition to Labrador? (P. 304.)
18. Who is coach of the Syracuse crew? (P. 328.)
19. What is the first name of Marx, the founder of modern Socialism? (P. 305.)
20. Who wrote "Eugénie Grandet"? (P. 307.)

Pouting Irish Patriots

RATHER than give that modified allegiance to George V which is perfectly satisfactory to other parts of "Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas," as the sovereign's title now runs, De Valera and forty-three followers have withdrawn from the Dail Eireann—the Irish name for the Parliament of the Irish Free State. The recalcitrant members made only such a formal show of force as to give legal color to the claim that they were ousted.

The Dail now has left about ninety members, and, as Mr. Cosgrave was re-elected Prime Minister by a vote of 68 to 22, it is evident that constitutional government will be carried on regardless of the anti-governmental members who form the minority and regardless of De Valera's campaign against the least shadow of Irish dependency to Great Britain.

Mr. Cosgrave is usually called President Cosgrave, and sometimes by American papers "President of Ireland." He is actually President of the Executive Committee of the Dail (as the Premier of France is by title President of the Council of Ministers), and as such exercises the functions of Prime Minister of the Free State.

It is to Ireland's credit that neither the recent election nor the verbal rebellion of the extreme advocates of Irish independence has been accompanied by violence. In fact, Dublin despatches point out that the election was freer from drunkenness than any in recent Irish history. Temperance is said to be making great gains in Ireland. Sobriety in politics as well as in drink may come in time.

More Power to the British Peerage

GREAT BRITAIN appears to be headed toward a revival of the authority of the House of Lords. This development in the policy of the Conservative Cabinet under Prime Minister Baldwin has surprised and interested no one more than the members of the House of Lords themselves. Talk of the need of some reform to strengthen the upper chamber of Parliament has been current for months past, but until lately it has not been taken seriously. An announcement that the Government proposes to put a measure through the present session of Parliament has suddenly aroused widespread discussion.

In contrast to ordinary sessions, when the House of Lords is almost deserted, there was a crowded meeting of the body which formerly ruled the destinies of Great Britain to hear the Government's proposals—with interested peeresses gazing from the balconies. The Cabinet's plan was not announced in final detail. But the discussion of principles

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Limit each leader

(Richard III, Act V, Scene 3)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

SHALL WE PLAY A FRIENDLY GAME—
REST OF THE WORLD
HONEST NAVAL DISARMAMENT
—OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE IT A "NO LIMIT" GAME?
U.S. WEALTH
MONEY ENOUGH TO OUT-BUILD THE REST OF THE WORLD
REAL NAVAL COMPETITION

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Time for a thorough understanding

From Maren Solberg, Chicago, Ill.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

"Bon voyage!"

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Pease in the Newark Evening News

Where to cut?

From F. Wright, Montclair, N. J.

Chapin in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

Fox and geese

From Alliene S. De Chant, Hanover, Pa.

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made it evident that the Conservatives have in mind a scheme to enhance the position of the House of Lords by limiting the prerogative of the King to appoint new peers at the suggestion of the Ministry, by placing the right to choose some members in the hands of the House of Lords itself, and by increasing its power to veto acts of the House of Commons. Naturally, the great majority of the peers voted—by 208 to 54—for "reasonable" reform of the House of Lords along the lines indicated by the spokesmen of the Baldwin Ministry. Naturally, also, leaders of the Labor and Liberal Party opposition are asking for early debate of the question in the House of Commons.

The tendency of the new reforms would be to strengthen the principle of hereditary legislative privilege, and to offset the Parliament Act adopted in 1911 by returning to the House of Lords the right to vote on financial questions, which then was taken from it. The advocates of representative government oppose the Government's program as a move backward in the century-long struggle to establish elected or "democratic" lawmaking bodies in place of inherited or "aristocratic" authority.

The underlying motive of the Conservatives is to strengthen themselves against what they call the forces of revolution and Socialism. This is the real issue which is drawing the lines in Great Britain for a political struggle of first magnitude.

Great Britain's Anti-Strike Bill

THE Conservatives in Great Britain have succeeded in putting through the House of Commons their long-discussed Trade Union Bill, designed to prevent general strikes and discourage sympathetic strikes. This measure is a result of the British general strike that developed out of the coal strike last year. It has been the object of most bitter opposition by the Labor Party, and it is certain to be a central fighting issue between labor leaders and Conservatives in future elections. But the Tory strength in Parliament was sufficient to secure its passage without great difficulty.

During the debates on the measure the tendency in non-Labor circles in Great Britain has been to divide the activities of trade unions into three classes: social, economic, and political. To their social and economic endeavors in behalf of the wage-worker comparatively little antagonism has been voiced. But regarding their invasion of the political field sharp questions have been raised, not only in Conservative, but also in Liberal journals. The party organization of labor seems to be increasingly regarded as a potential movement of a class against the state, and as such it is under scrutiny—not to say suspicion.

The effect of the Trade Union Bill, as adopted in modified form after discussion in Parliament, is, first of all, to prohibit general strikes and strictly to limit sympathetic strikes. Further, the union practice has been to assign a certain percentage of the dues of members automatically to party purposes. The new law makes it necessary to secure the individual agreement of each member. Thus it seeks to separate social and economic organization from political organization.

Alberto Pirelli, of Milan
New President of the International Chamber of Commerce

The weakness of the bill is that it does not put the same restrictions on employers as regards lockouts as it does on employees as regards strikes. For this reason both Labor and Liberal spokesmen, and some Conservatives, have attacked it as a prejudiced measure. What it really represents is the campaign of the alarmed conservatives against radicalism in all its forms, which at the moment characterizes British political life.

The International Chamber of Commerce

THE fourth Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce has been holding its sessions in Stockholm. This quite remarkable commercial body has come to be recognized as of such international importance that at the Economic Conference of the League of Nations in May, to which forty-three governments sent delegations, this International Chamber of Commerce was invited to send its delegation on exactly the same basis as each of those nations. The "Trades Barrier Report" of the International Chamber, the work of representatives of twenty-four different countries, and one of the most important and remarkable documents produced since the war, was selected by the League of Nations as one of the five documents on which the work of the Economic Conference was based.

The International Chamber of Commerce is defined by M. Jean Proix, First Associate Secretary in Paris, as an association not only of business firms or corporations, but of chambers of commerce, industrial associations, banking associations, shipping conferences, and other economic bodies representing big business throughout the world. The active membership is composed of no less than 784 such organizations, constituting what are known as organization members. In addition there are over 2,000 associate members, who are great corporations and firms, which for a small annual fee receive all the documents issued by the International Chamber of Commerce and its valuable committee reports.

The International Chamber does not give any country full national representation in its council until the organization members of that country are sufficiently strong and numerous to make it certain that when they speak in the name of their country through a national committee they will really express the views of the economic interests of that country as a whole.

The organization, which was formed in 1920, refers to others the encouragement of individual purchases and sales in the ordinary course of business between merchants of different countries and confines itself to the broader problems which international business must solve if it is to flourish. It aims at the unification of laws governing business in all countries and the elimination of everything that stands in the way of commercial freedom. It studies such problems as laws governing checks, bills of exchange, promissory notes, and all the other media of exchange and payment in an effort to make them uniform, easier, and therefore cheaper. One committee has studied problems connected with double taxation; another, the protection of industrial property, such as patents, trade-marks, and copyrights; a

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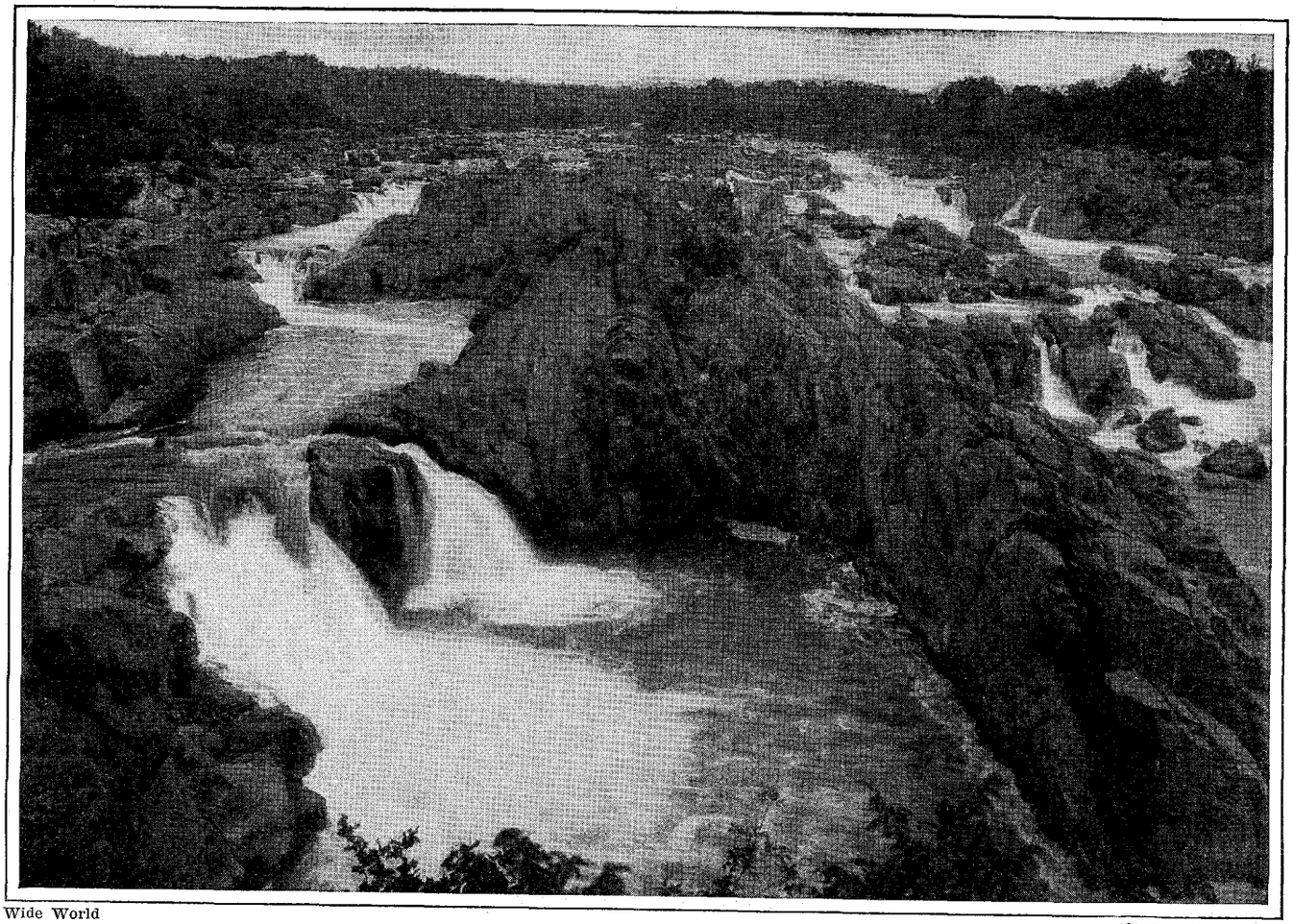

Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Great Falls of the Potomac. Shall this beauty spot near our National capital be commercialized?

third is trying to secure improvement in international telephony.

The President-elect, who will doubtless have been confirmed by the Congress at Stockholm before this issue reaches our readers, is Signor Alberto Pirelli, the tire manufacturer of Milan, and diplomat plenipotentiary. Mr. Basil Miles acts as American Administrative Commissioner, a sort of liaison officer stationed at the Paris headquarters, serving as constant representative of the American National Committee, of which the chairman is Owen D. Young.

Louvain's Fifth Centenary

ONE of the most remarkable proofs of the Belgian ability to recover from the effects of the war was seen in the celebration on June 28 and 29 of the five hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the University of Louvain.

Active from its creation in the intellectual life of Europe, it was with the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the period of humanism, that Louvain came to the front as a great university, for in 1502 the great Erasmus founded at Louvain the famous "College of the Three Tongues," where Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were taught.

Political struggles as well as religious reformations interfered with the progress of the University, and the annexation of Belgium to the French Republic in 1795 brought to it ruin. In 1797 the entire University and all the colleges, about forty in number, were ordered closed, and the mediæval University of Louvain was no more. In 1834, during the first years of Belgian independence, the Belgian bishops re-established what they called the "Catholic University" at Malines, transferring it the following year to Louvain. During the years that followed the reputation of this institution as a center of learning was second to none in Europe.

Louvain met its great disaster in August of 1914, when the German army occupied Louvain and burned practically the entire town, including the old Cloth Hall (dating from 1317) and the splendid library. Nothing was left except absolute skeletons; yet hardly had the Germans evacuated the country when, on January 20, 1919, the University of Louvain resumed its lectures among the ruins.

A movement of sympathy went around the world, and money and books for a new library were contributed in England, in Portugal, in the United States, and practically in every quarter of the globe. Last year saw an enrollment of 3,343 students in the many faculties. Among the 399 foreigners represented, the five largest delegations were those of Russia, 115 students; Luxemburg, 40; United States, 34; Holland, 33; and China, 30.

The centenary is worthy of world-wide recognition, not only because it marks the survival of an ancient and honorable institution of learning, but because it is a high point in a career of devotion and of courage.

To Save Great Falls

SEVERAL months ago The Outlook called attention to the fact that two projects were before Congress, either of which, if put into the form of legislation, would destroy the beauty of the Great Falls of the Potomac. One of these schemes was for the development of water power under private operation, the other for perpetual ownership and perpetual operation by the Government. Neither plan was acted upon by Congress.

Recently the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, believing that the Great Falls and Gorge of the Potomac form an outstanding scenic feature of the region about Washington, resolved that the Commission adopt as a major park project for the Washington

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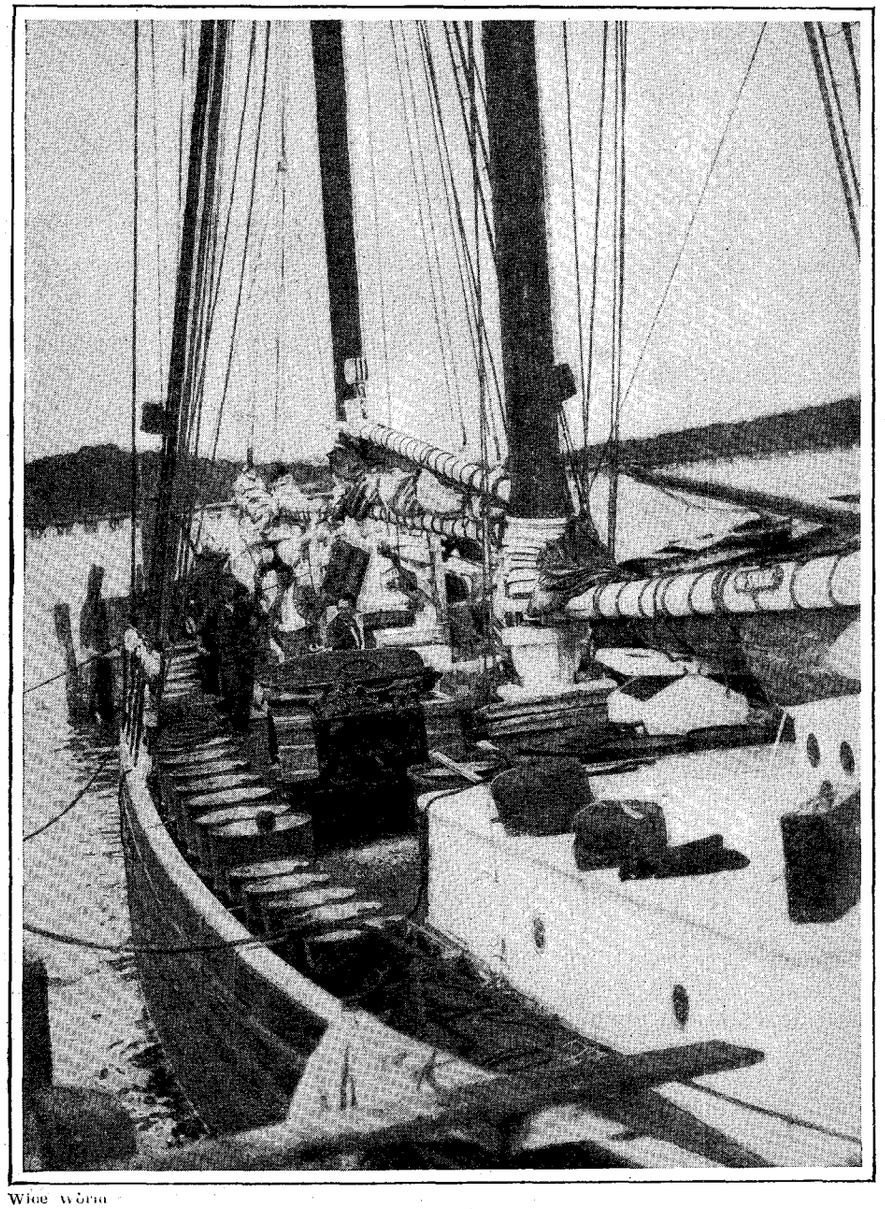

Wide World

The deck of one of the two schooners in which commander Macmillan's expedition have set forth for the North

Regional Plan the creation of a park under either Federal or inter-State control to preserve this scenic beauty and make it accessible. The Commission took occasion to suggest to the Federal Power Commission the inconsistency between the park and power projects.

This is an admirable and intelligent view of the situation. As we have already pointed out, these falls are just outside of the District of Columbia, but in a wild, unspoiled condition. We added, and we now repeat, that "for wild and rugged beauty no waterfall in the eastern part of the United States, and perhaps none on the American continent, surpasses them. . . . The Great Falls wilderness is the finest bit of unspoiled nature left anywhere so near a large city." In common with all guardians of the preservation of natural beauty for the enjoyment of the people, we earnestly hope that the sordid scheme which would spoil this great out-of-doors asset that properly belongs to the whole people will not be renewed.

The Fliers

If the aviation indications as June drew near its end were to be trusted, exciting and history-making events were likely to occur before Independence Day. To be sure, the indications for the previous week were also thrilling, but it is part of the public's air education to learn that winds and storms are not to be ignored in transoceanic flights.

Commander Byrd is an experienced and sensible man. Delay has been quite as disappointing to him as to the public. From the first he has declared that he would not start until the Weather Bureau told him that storm conditions were reasonably good. On June 28 it told him that a line of storms extended from Newfoundland to Ireland, with a northeast wind cutting diagonally across the America's path. With four lives at stake, rashness would be mere folly; moreover, Byrd's object is not to make a sensational flight, but to get results that will help the aviation of the future. He is quoted as saying that regular air service across the ocean is in the indefinite future and must wait upon better means of obtaining accurate weather information.

One way of helping this result may come from the plan of Lieutenant-Commander MacMillan (who has just started on his eleventh Arctic expedition) for establishing an observation station at Kauk, on the Labrador coast. He thinks that just the kind of weather knowledge that Byrd needs may be gained in this way. MacMillan's other objects are to visit and encourage a far-flung station of the Moravian Eskimo mission in Labrador and to study the so-called Punic ruins on the Labrador coast, which according to Eskimo legend are the remains of houses built by a curious race which came to the shores in open boats without decks or sails. The remnants of the structures which still stand resemble, it is said, the Norse ruins in Greenland.

On Monday, June 27, fourteen planes started from the Ford Airport, Detroit, for the forty-two hundred mile tour for the Edsel B. Ford Reliability Contest Trophy. All arrived at Buffalo, completing the first leg of their tour. The route is from Buffalo to Geneva and Schenectady (June 28), to Boston (June 29), to New York (June 30), to Philadelphia and Baltimore (July 1), to Pittsburgh (July 2), to Cleveland (July 3), to Kalamazoo and Dayton (July 4), to Columbus and Cincinnati (July 5), to Louisville (July 6), to Memphis (July 7), to Pine Bluff and Dallas (July 8), to Oklahoma City and Tulsa (July 9), to Wichita and Omaha (July 10), to Moline and Hammond (July 11), to Grand Rapids (July 12), and back to Detroit.

The high point of aviation excitement, as we write, is the United States-Hawaii "non-stop race." On June 28 three contestants were said to be ready for instant flight—one from Hawaii eastward, two from the Pacific coast westward. The distance is about 2,400 miles. Obviously, the plane starting from Hawaii has one advantage—it can hardly help hitting the continent somewhere, while any plane aiming at the Hawaiian group of islands—which in their longest line stretch only some 300 miles—might miss them in heavy weather or by poor navigation. Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger man the triple-engined Fokker army plane which made its start on June 28 at 7 o'clock A.M. from the Oakland airport; Ernest Smith and

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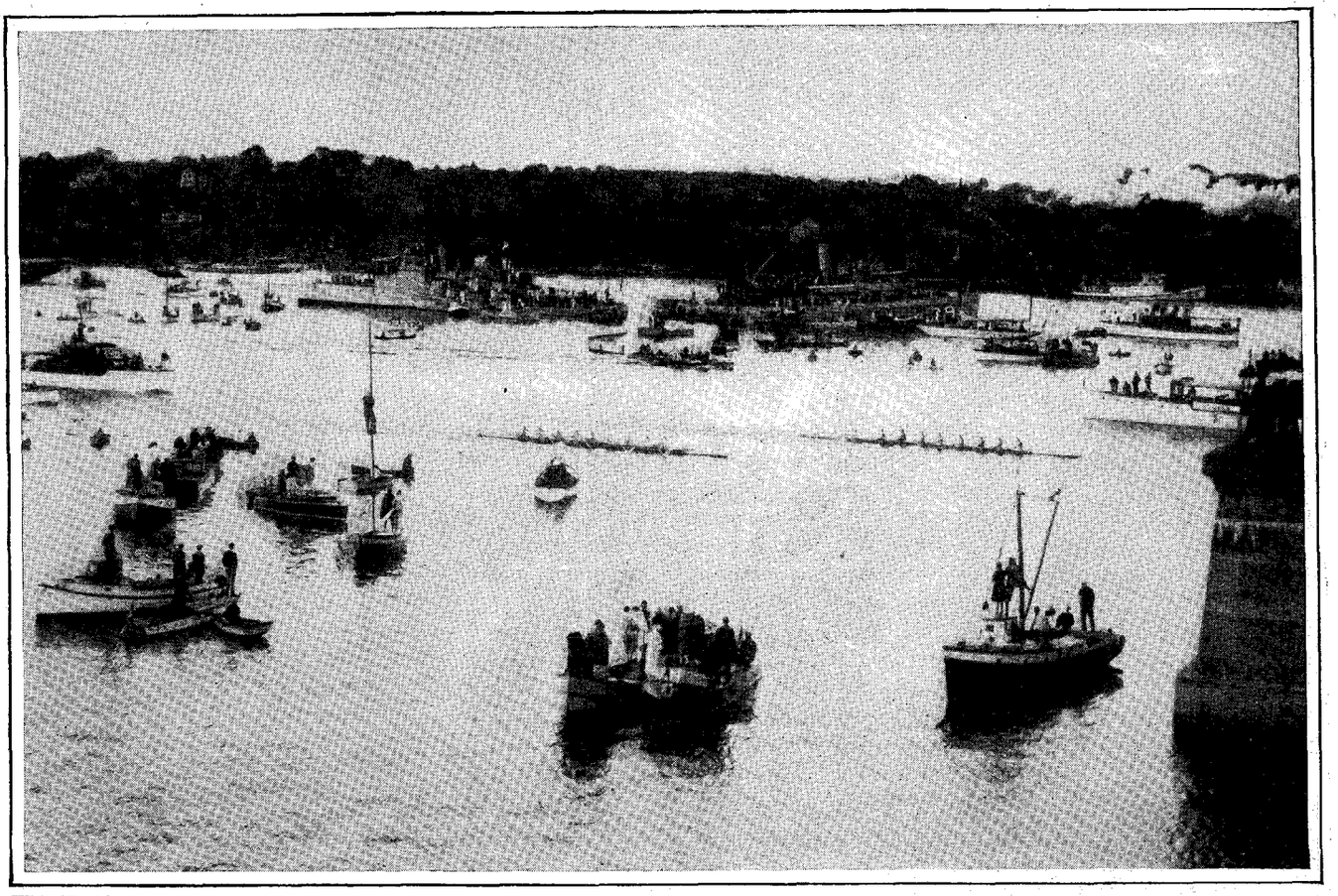

Wide World

To the tune of a thousand fog-horns Harvard crosses the finishing line in the lead

Charles Carter pilot a civilian monoplane which started the same morning but returned; while Richard Grace and C. H. Curtis will fly in the contestant plane from Hawaii.

Aviation is at present an uncertain science, but it will be strange if none of these plans produces interesting news before this is read.

Lawrance

MODEST though he was, Colonel Lindbergh could not share the spotlight of publicity with others. He did the best he could. As a consequence, the world has heard more of Mme. Nungesser, Ambassador Herrick, M. Blériot, and others than it otherwise would have. And it has also heard a great deal about the Spirit of St. Louis. But there is one man who figured in Lindbergh's flight of whom the world has not yet heard enough. That man is Charles L. Lawrance.

This son of Yale, a Bachelor of Arts of the class of 1905, received worthily from Yale (along with Richard E. Byrd, the first man, as Professor William Lyon Phelps said on the occasion, "to look down on the North Pole") the degree of Master of Arts.

His achievement was the design of the motor (the Wright Whirlwind) that carried Lindbergh to Paris. It was also a motor of the same design that carried Chamberlin across. A reader of The Outlook informs us that he spent ten years in designing that motor. The same reader tells us that he is the son-in-law of the late Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church, and is a grand-nephew of Mr. Charles Lanier, late head of the banking firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co. Mr. Lawrance is Vice-President of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, of Paterson, New Jersey.

After Six Years

FOR six years Yale has been lording it over its greatest rowing rival on the Thames at New London, and six years, so tradition has it, is as long as any winning streak can last in a major sport between Yale and Harvard. The old tradition (some one ought to conduct an investigation into the length of time required to create a "tradition" in collegiate circles) again held true, for this year a heavy and powerful Harvard eight kept the bow of its shell forever in front of its rival from New Haven. Harvard jumped its rival at the start and was never for a moment headed. The Harvard shell finished about a length to the good.

Yale was coached again this year by Mr. Leader, formerly coach of the Washington crew, Harvard by a graduate who has been connected with Harvard rowing for a number of years as coach of her class and dormitory crews. Mr. Brown's services were engaged by Harvard for another year even before his crews took the water for their great test. The Harvard victory gives new life to one of the most colorful annual episodes of American sport.

Emile Vandervelde on Socialism

EMILE VANDERVELDE'S article in this issue of The Outlook is a defense of Socialism against Socialists.

To state it somewhat more explicitly, it is a defense of the sort of Socialism advocated by the moderate Socialist and Social-Democratic Parties familiar in most European countries against the doctrinaire, fundamentalist, fanatical Socialists of the Bolshevist stripe.

To Emile Vandervelde as to Lenine, to the Social-Democrat of Belgium or France or Germany as well as to the Bolshevist of Russia, Socialism is the one true faith and Karl Marx is its prophet. What M. Vandervelde undertakes to show is that those who have diluted Socialism with ideas not in it originally or, as they express it, have "revised" Socialism are nearer to the prophet than those literalists who would purify Socialism and then apply the original essence of it logically and relentlessly.

In such a controversy the sympathy of all men of liberal mind must be with

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M. Vandervelde. The liberalist and the literalist are at opposite poles. One of the numerous inconsistencies of those who like to label themselves Liberals is that they are often fundamentalists and anti-fundamentalists at the same time—anti-fundamentalists in religion but zealous fundamentalists in political and social belief. That is because they are not truly Liberals, but simply rebels against whatever is. But the liberally minded are always revisionists—they are always ready to revise creeds and doctrines and theories to make them accord with newly discovered facts or newly understood truth or newly established conditions of life.

But to most Americans this controversy between the fundamentalist Marxian and the revisionist Marxian seems strangely unreal. Many of the terms they use are like words in a foreign tongue. The word "class," for instance. As they use it, it means nothing to an American. The other day a young man came to bat in a baseball game. He was captain of the team of the oldest university in America. That team was one run behind in what proved to be the decisive game with its oldest rival. There was one out, one on base, and it was the last half of the ninth inning. At the second ball pitched Captain Zarakov swung his bat and a few seconds later was carried off the field on the shoulders of his college mates in triumph. His home run had won the game for Harvard. That young man had played brilliantly on the football team and still more brilliantly on the hockey team. He was what is known as a three-letter man—winning his insignia in three major sports. Any such career as that would have been practically impossible—at least almost unimaginable—in any European country. Why? Because Isadore Zarakov in Europe would have been within the confines of a "class." In Europe this son of a tailor would almost certainly have been destined to a kind of life from which university study and the honors of a university athlete are equally remote. There are thousands like Isadore Zarakov in America—not like him in his athletic skill or his ability to attain distinction under financial handicaps, but like him in freedom to employ their powers without encountering class barriers. It is this freedom, this fluidity of movement, in America that makes such a word as "class" when used in the sense in which M. Vandervelde uses it seem to Americans like a foreign word. It is this freedom, this fluidity, that makes it impossible for Socialism as a political doctrine to flourish here.

For Socialism rests upon the conception of society as divided into permanent classes. Karl Marx saw in the society that was forming in his time under the pressure of growing industrialism two great classes. First, there was the capitalist class, described by one Socialist as consisting of those whose income is wholly or principally derived from the labor of others as the result of their ownership of the means of production. Second, there was the proletariat, consisting of the propertyless wage-earners, who are obliged to accept the current wage, pay for their goods a price over which they have no control, and live where the capitalists determine. There was, as Marx recognized, it is true, a third class, a middle class between these two; but this middle class was really divided in interest between the two great classes whose struggle with each other constituted history. According to Marx, these two classes tended to become more and more rigid, and the passing of members of the proletariat into the capitalist class tended to become more and more impossible. The evils of this state of affairs were manifest. The Socialists' cure for these evils is to destroy the capitalist class by making the possession of capital the function of society or, according to some theorists, more specifically, of the state. Marx never imagined, probably could not have conceived, certainly did not foresee, the cure that has been applied by America. That cure is a simple one, but it is by no means completed. It is a process, at times slow, in recent years remarkably rapid, but apparently irresistible. It is the process of making workers capitalists and capitalists workers. No longer is there in America, if there ever was, a great class whose sole income is derived either from the ownership of property or from the labor of their own hands. There are many individuals whose income is derived from the one source or the other, but no hard and fast class. Among those whose chief income is from salary or wages individuals are constantly becoming owners of capital to such an extent that their chief income is derived from their capital. And among the so-called capitalists increasing numbers of individuals are forced by circumstances or by their own impulse to do the work of direction which Marx himself considered as productive and necessary. But more than that, masses of tool-users are becoming tool-owners. Propertyless wage-earners are disappearing. The opportunity for wage-earners to become propertied is becoming universal. Socialism has been made universally impossible in America by industrial democracy.

It is true that there are bits of transplanted Europe in America, and especially in our big cities. There the Socialist orator gets his audience, because he is speaking to Europeans in a European atmosphere and under European conditions; but these bits of Europe are almost negligible in the American mass. It is chiefly because of these bits of Europe that we hear about Socialism and are able to understand the terms used in the discussions of European social questions. So far as M. Vandervelde's article concerns us at all, it is because of what we have of Europe here. Its main value to us, however, is to show the contrast between the rigid industrial system of Europe and the fluid industrial system of America. If the United States is richer, more prosperous, happier than Europe, it is because in industrial democracy we have found a better way than even the most idealistic of European Socialists have imagined.

Marriage and Morals

NEWSPAPER reports of sermons are not always trustworthy. Neither are the impressions of members of a congregation. Evidently, the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, in a recent sermon before the graduating class of Smith College was somewhat misunderstood. It was evidently to this sermon that Bishop Manning, of New York, referred when he said that "a prominent preacher in this city, if he is correctly reported, preaching to a body of students, scoffed at the idea of 'trying to send the new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong,' and told these young people that the old ideas of 'right' and 'wrong' had been dropped, and that the criterion of behavior is simply what we regard as 'beautiful' and 'ugly.'" Bishop Manning interpreted this further to mean "that there is no longer any law of God which is binding upon us and that our only standard is our own taste or preference. If this is true," Bishop Manning commented, "if there is no law of God which must be obeyed, we need not wonder if our young people adopt 'companionate marriage' or any other suggestion."

Dr. Fosdick has explained that his remarks were misinterpreted. Apparently what he meant to impress upon his hearers was the fact that if the old sense of compulsion from without were to be abandoned, as apparently it has been abandoned by the younger people of today, it is necessary, in order to achieve the same results that the old code

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sought, that the individual should voluntarily choose a high standard of conduct.

To say, as Dr. Fosdick is reported to have said, that the standard of good taste is not a negative thing, merely keeping us from wrong, but is a creative thing, that whatever debases personality is wrong and ugly and that whatever elevates personality is right and beautiful, is not the same thing as saying that there is no other standard than taste and preference and that there is no such thing as the law of God.

Misunderstood Dr. Fosdick evidently was; but the view which Bishop Manning misunderstood Dr. Fosdick to support is a common one. Not long ago the writer of a magazine article set forth the theory that a sense of duty was rather out of fashion, and that to be in the vogue one must substitute for it a sense of good taste or of beauty. That, of course, implies that the young people of to-day are sappy. No one who respects the young people of to-day can thus insult them. In business, if a man makes a contract with another, he does not keep it because he thinks it is beautiful to keep it or that it would be in bad taste to violate it. He keeps it because he has a sense of obligation about contracts. Of course there is beauty in goodness, as there is beauty in the smooth working of an efficient machine. The Greeks had a word for that kind of beauty that they applied to moral conduct and character. But no one who took merely a standard of beauty as the aim in building a machine would get very far with practical results; and no one who takes beauty as the standard of conduct or character is likely to be impressed with such commonplace virtues as keeping one's pledged word.

It is essentially a sappy view of life that accounts for many, if not most, of the failures in marriage. To imagine that marriage is something that can be abandoned when it fails to insure the happiness of either party is to ignore the fact that underlying all human relationship, and therefore underlying marriage, there are laws which operate quite irrespective of the wishes of individuals. Those laws cannot be escaped by simply being disregarded. Old codes and conventions may become worn out and misplaced. Customs change. But there are certain laws that continue because they are in the nature of things. These are what have been called—and we know of no better name for them—laws of God. There can be no such thing as beauty, or even good taste, except in conformity to them.

It is one of the strange anomalies of our day that among those who render lip-service to science and to scientific views of the world and of life disregard this fact of the pervasiveness of law in human conduct. The scientific spirit depends upon the acceptance of this idea of the permanence and inflexibility of law. Of course, as Huxley long ago pointed out in one of the most remarkable of his essays, law in this sense is not to be confused with law handed down by some external and arbitrary power. It is rather that which we find as invariably happening. Bishop Manning and Dr. Fosdick are both right. There is a law of God, and it operates from within. Terms may become old-fashioned. The language of earlier days may become obsolete. But there are some imponderables that do not change.

Not the Whole Story

THERE'S a letter in this week's "Free for All" from one of the foremost publishers in the country, Mr. William H. Cowles, of the "Spokesman-Review" of Spokane, Washington. Mr. Cowles knows the United States from coast to coast, and he knows too conditions both in the East and the West before the advent of National prohibition. We commend his observations to the attention of our readers. We think that his letter is particularly valuable because so many comments on liquor enforcement seem to ignore the situation as it existed before 1920.

The evils of the present situation are so close to the eye that it is easy to forget that the license system had its shortcomings too. There is an article in the Sunday "World" for June 26 which is typical of much of the talk of the day. In this article the writer boasts of a knowledge of six saloons in New York City in which he can place his foot upon a brass rail and imbibe his liquor with pre-Volstead freedom. He says, of course, that there are many other open drinking-places in New York City, but he seems to think that his acquaintance with six is worthy of public record and celebration.

If we remember correctly, in 1920 seven saloons were easily visible from the windows of the editorial offices of The Outlook, and The Outlook offices at that time were not in an exceptionally wet neighborhood. No one thought particularly of this state of affairs as being at all out of the ordinary. Corner property seemed the natural habitat of the saloon-keeper.

We are told that the patrons of these old saloons are making their beer, wine, and spirituous liquors in the homes. So far as natural fermented drinks are concerned, there is nothing in the Volstead Act to prohibit such practice. The control of wine-making for use in the home comes under the domain of temperance rather than that of prohibition.

Wine-makers, of course, must secure bottles and other paraphernalia for their needs. A casual survey of some thirty-five blocks along a New York avenue that used to be lined with saloons discloses three stores devoted to the sale of articles required by those who make their own. Certainly these three stores do not indicate a consumption of home brew sufficient to equal the flood of liquor poured out by the old saloons that were required for the trade of this particular avenue.

Prohibition has certainly brought some evils in its train. A report of those evils, however, does not tell the whole story of its accomplishments.

Honoré de Balzac and Sinclair Lewis

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

I DO not know that he has ever made the claim, but the claim might be made for Sinclair Lewis that in "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," and "Elmer Gantry" he is following the example of Balzac and beginning a new "Comédie humaine," or, to use the phrase of Victor Hugo's funeral oration over the grave of Balzac, "a history of contemporary civilization." Should this be so, it is quite evident that Lewis, if not as original a genius as Balzac, resembles him in one respect—his work is more than likely to fall into the category of fictional literature that one *ought* to read but does not. The assertion may be ventured without too much temerity that few men or women of mature tastes and judgment read Balzac in middle age from any motive but a sense of duty. One who was captivated in youth by "La Peau de Chagrin," or "Eugénie Grandet," or "Le Père Goriot," or "Le Médecin de Campagne," and picks them up after a lapse of twenty or twenty-five years finds them, to be perfectly frank about it—except for brilliant passages here and there—boresome. There are, for example, in "Le Médecin de Campagne" long soliloquies

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on politics and the Church, about which nobody wants Balzac's opinion, relieved, it is true, by such perfect folk tales as that of the hunchback woman, "La Bossue Courageuse," or Goguelat's rhapsody on Napoleon. But as novels—at least for the English reader—Balzac's innumerable volumes are dustier on the library shelves than Scott's.

Why is this? George Saintsbury, the most accomplished and broad-minded among modern English critics of the French novel, has completely answered the question. Balzac, he says, is

> an observer of the most exact, the most minute, the most elaborate; but he suffuses this observation with so strange and constant an imaginative quality that he is, to some careful and experienced critics, never quite "real"—or almost always something more than real. He seems accustomed to create in a fashion which is not so much of the actual world as of some other, possible but not actual—no matter whether he deals with money or with love, with Paris or with the provinces, with old times or with the new. A further puzzle has arisen from the fact that, though Balzac has virtuous characters, he sees humanity on the whole "in black;" and that, whether he actually prefers the delineation of vice, misfortune, failure, or not, he produces as a rule in his readers the sensation familiarly described as "uncomfortable."

Now, whatever may be the function of philosophy or theology or history or political economy or sociology, the prime function of art is to give pleasure or produce a feeling of comfort. Novel writing is an art, not a branch of morals, and may fairly be judged by the test Saintsbury applies to it.

Turgenev, in spite of his somberness and the strain of profound melancholy that tinges all his portrayal of human nature, is not an "uncomfortable" writer, and is therefore a greater artist, and so a greater novelist, than Balzac, although doubtless not so extraordinary a manifestation of what we call creative genius.

The novels of Dickens constitute a more humane comedy if not a greater "Comédie Humaine" than the elaborately planned although not always successfully carried out system of Balzac.

There are three characteristics of Balzac's work as a man of letters that will always give him a very high rank in the history of literature—the immense volume of his production, perhaps only equaled by Voltaire; his photographic observation; and his fantastic imagination. "Like the opium eater," says Sir Leslie Stephen, "he acquires a taste for the visions that are conjured up before him with so vivid a coloring that he almost believes in their objective existence."

Another critic, whose name I cannot recall, but whose analysis made an impression on my mind many years ago, has said that the three greatest tragedies in the whole range of literature are Sophocles's "Antigone," Shakespeare's "King Lear," and Balzac's "Père Goriot." It is something to have one's name linked with those of the great Greek and the great Englishman. And yet here again the "comfortable" test suggested by Saintsbury may be applied. The "Antigone" is so detached from us in time and place that its atmosphere of incest, murder, and suicide hardly touches us. Nobody reads "King Lear" for pleasure, except for such pleasure as supreme intellectual power always gives; moreover, one can always turn to the sonnets or to those plays in which pure beauty and tender sentiment are as perfectly expressed as they are in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." But "Père Goriot" is an expression of Balzac's conception of some of the essential and immutable qualities of human nature. The immorality of it is that it makes the reader wonder whether there is any such thing as immorality, whether vice is not natural and virtue a figment of the imagination, whether the human race is any more worth saving from death and destruction than an army of ants.

These observations on Balzac have been prompted by a vivid book[1] on the eccentric novelist which my wife has just brought me from Paris—"La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré de Balzac," by René Benjamin. I have no French "Who's Who" at hand, and cannot therefore get or give any information about René Benjamin. But he apparently belongs to that new group of younger Parisian writers, of whom André Maurois is the leader, who are casting biography into the form of fictional narrative. "The Prodigious Life of Honoré de Balzac" is not the equal in style or realism of Maurois's "Shelley" or "Disraeli," but it serves to give the reader a living impression of one of the most gifted and erratic of men of letters—an impression of personality so strong that my wife, when she read the book recently in Paris, although not an enthusiastic admirer of Balzac's novels, sought out the various streets and quarters of the city associated with the scenes and episodes of his life.

Balzac, like Disraeli, had a strain of Orientalism in his imagination, although he came from a long line of the humblest French peasantry on his father's side. Like Disraeli, too, he found sympathy and solace in the appreciation and encouragement of a favorite sister. His father, whose family name was Balssa, assumed the more elegant patronymic of Balzac, but did not go so far as to claim the aristocratic particle "de." That was Honoré's own idea. The novelist's life was one of more or less disappointment and tragedy. Like Voltaire, he was forced by his father to study law, but he rebelled and starved for a while in a Paris garret; his two or three serious and passionate love affairs were unhappy; he failed in business as a printer and publisher; with expensive tastes, he was always oppressed by debts; industrious and incredibly productive with his pen, but visionary in practical matters, he was cheated out of or failed to collect the just pecuniary reward of his popularity as a "best-seller;" confident that he had political talents, he became a candidate for the Legislature, but was contemptuously defeated; when he tried to get a seat in the French Academy, to which he was entitled by his literary genius, he received only two votes; and he died at fifty years of age five months after his long-desired marriage to a Polish countess whom he had adored for many years. It is said that almost his last words, when the doctor told him that he might perhaps live a week, were, "I shall still have time to write a book!" At his funeral one of his friends—of whom he had many who were affectionate—said, with more poetry than truth: "There lies the Bonaparte of letters who never suffered a dethronement or a Waterloo."

Perhaps the best summary criticism of Balzac is Sir Leslie Stephen's; it deserves the attention of the admirers of Sinclair Lewis:

"The highest poetry, like the noblest morality, is the product of a thoroughly healthy mind. . . . Now Balzac, though he showed some powers that are unsurpassed or unequaled, possessed a mind which, to put it gently, was not exactly well-regulated. He took a pleasure in dwelling upon horrors from which a healthy imagination shrinks, and rejoiced greatly in gloating over the mysteries of iniquity. I do not say that this makes his work immoral in the ordinary sense. Probably few people who are likely to read Balzac are likely to be any the worse for the study. But, from a purely artistic point of view, he is injured by his morbid tendencies. . . . The 'Comédie Humaine' instead of being an accurate picture of human life, and appealing to the sympathies of all human

[1] La Prodigieuse Vie d'Honoré Balzac. Par René Benjamin. Paris, Librairie Plon, 1925.

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beings, is a collection of monstrosities, whose vices are unnatural, and whose virtues are rather like their vices. . . . When shall we see a writer who can be powerful without being spasmodic, and pierce through the surface of society without seeking for interest in its foulest abysses? That, I suppose, will happen when we have another Shakespeare."

The Great "Self-Expression" Delusion

A Passing Phase in Education

By CHARLES K. TAYLOR

THE self-expression idea may be stated tersely as follows:

That every child innately has something to express.

That a child knows how to express it, and will if let alone.

That a child is quite capable of judging what is best for it.

That adults must not use the invaluable accumulated race experience in any manner that requires compulsion or the least pressure upon a child.

That if we would make interesting to a child all that he or she should do, the child would *want* to do those things.

And, consequently, a child should never be *required* to do uninteresting things—a most perfect method for creating a lot of unsocial beings with the character stamina of marshmallows.

The above concepts may seem quite extreme now, but only a short time ago they were presented so plausibly that a number of schools tried to carry them out. So we had institutions where children never ran up against a "must" or a "must not," despite the fact that disobeying nature's "musts" and "must nots" brings swift and often heavy penalty. They were encouraged to follow their impulses, whatever these were—which they did, and often with disconcerting results. They were sometimes informed that their characters were their "own," and *therefore* not subject to the approval or disapproval of any one else. I actually heard a grown and seemingly mature woman give that idea to a roomful of round-eyed schoolboys. Said she:

"You are all perfectly all right—whatever you are. It is entirely proper for each of you to be just what he is. It's no one's business what your character is like, as long as it is yours and you express it as you like."

Individualism gone mad, of course, and a highly dangerous concept to give to a lot of adolescent boys, soon to go out into the world, where their business, civic, and character success would depend absolutely upon their ability to co-operate with others and to adjust their individual impulses to the limitations of society.

Some years ago, visiting another school that had accepted this anti-social theory, I entered a room where a twelve-year-old boy was noisily and purposely hammering on a block of wood—and making such a racket that no one else was able to do anything. The teacher was one of those fearsome, rather neurotic, *intense* women who fall hardest for this kind of theory.

Said I, "Do you allow one child to disturb and distract a whole class in this fashion?"

"And who are *we*," demanded she indignantly, "who are *we* to interfere with that boy's expression of his *own* individuality?"

And yet that boy was interfering with the "self-expression" of every other child in that room, but the teacher never imagined it. She doubtless felt there was something deeply significant in that aimless pounding. The only significant thing was that boy's complete ignoring of the rights and desires of every one else.

In a few years it dawned upon that school that all was not well. The children seemed to take a disconcertingly long time learning essentials that all of us simply must learn, whether we want to or not. They discovered (all over again) that a child must learn in order to "express," and that the child must be taught even *how* to express itself—often whether it so wishes or not. They found that some of the finest kinds of self-expression come only after the most irksome and disagreeable kinds of drudgery. And they doubtless found, to their intense surprise, that largely through a capacity for doing the uninteresting and disagreeable comes real accomplishment, success, and happiness.

In this particular school for boys at the height of its folly there was a group of seven or eight of about thirteen years of age—at that impressionable period when these strange and attractive theories can be taken up as a sponge takes up water. What has happened to them? Three were married before they were nineteen—thus putting a prompt end to their college careers and heavily handicapping their futures. Two of these juvenile families have a child each. In just one of these the boy has a "job"—a miserable little affair, given by a relative, where he is barely able to earn a scant living for his family. The other has no "job," for he does not know how to do anything, and is doubtless too proud to use his hands.

Of the third boy I have lost trace. Of two other, very able boys, I know that they have done well scholastically, but have had great difficulty joining in with their fellows in any activity. Still another, though he has gone through college, has been handicapped by a lack of ability to realize that as a member of society he must abide by the rules and regulations made for the mutual benefit of the members thereof. You would not recognize that school to-day. We all have learned much, not only here but in England, where the "wild" schools arose like mushrooms, soon afterwards to disappear.

In brief, "self-expression," as the enthusiasts first understood that term, simply did not work. But the attempt to make it work brought forth some good results. It focused attention upon the individual and brought about an earnest and encouraging search for means of discovering individual needs and capacities. It brought about an intense study of means for analyzing a child's mentality and character type, so that his or her development could be planned, to some extent, with that particular child's needs and capacities in mind.

And, finally, we are learning the true bounds of rational self-expression—that ends only where social needs and interests begin. And we are finding that it really can be achieved when it is based upon important mental habits, on the acquirement of important knowledge, on the learning of various means of expression—sometimes through hard and disagreeable effort—and, finally, on a realization of the rights of others, and of the proper and desirable limits that society places upon the actions of its individual members.

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Has Marxism Failed?[1]

By EMILE VANDERVELDE

Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs

IN 1848 Reybaud wrote: "Socialism is dead; in speaking of it one pronounces its funeral oration."

Thiers used almost the same language.

I do not believe any one would repeat it to-day, at least in Europe, where Socialism expresses most workingmen's collective aspirations. Yet though conquering the world, some men say it is apparently losing its soul; indeed, in many quarters they proclaim the doctrinal bankruptcy, if not of Socialism, at least of Marxism.

As a matter of fact, the diffusion of Marxist ideas has not ceased to progress. All Socialist programmes bear their impress.

Two Movements

WE are witnessing two divergent movements:

(1) Communists are preaching a return to Marx, and declare all contemporary Socialist-Democratic development a deviation.

(2) Some Social-Democrats are, on the other hand, asking themselves whether they can still be guided by Marx. For example, I find in the Dutch Socialist review "De Gids" for April 1, 1927, edited by well-known Marxists, an article by Eigemann, "Is Scientific Socialism Still Scientific?" In the same connection, several months ago, Henri de Man, formerly Director of the Workingmen's High School of Brussels, published, in German, a book which made some sensation under the significant title "Beyond Marxism." I read the book with profound attention and interest. I deem it perhaps the most important work on Socialism published since the war. No one was better prepared to write it than Henri de Man, thanks to his thorough acquaintance with the principal European languages and his experience as propagandist, as university man, as a manual just as well as an intellectual laborer, as a director of educational undertakings, also as a war volunteer, for, as a worthy example to many Belgian Socialists, he entered the lists the very day of the invasion. No one can read save with the greatest profit this confession of an orthodox Marxist who has ceased to be orthodox and who, perhaps the better to mark the change in his thought, declares himself no longer Marxist. Certainly the confession is full of ingenious and penetrating observations. Yet with regard to the base of his thesis I cannot help being astonished when, turning the table of Marxian values upside down, he states:

> In the ultimate analysis, the social inferiority of the laboring classes does not rest either on political injustice or on economic prejudice, but on a psychic state. The essential characteristic of this inferiority is their belief in this inferiority. The working class is *inferiorized* because it feels itself *inferiorized.*

Or again when he maintains that "the identity of their acquisitive interests is, among workingmen, only a secondary problematic bond."

In short, departing from historic materialism, Henri de Man approaches the idealism of Jaurès. But, while the latter, coming from an opposite pole, does not cease nearing Marx, Henri de Man seems rather to try to keep himself off and to substitute for the *imminence* of a class movement the *transcendence* of a group of intellectuals of a new Fabianism, "which, recognizing, sustaining, animating a workingman's class organization, would seek to explain, on a loftier plane than that of conflicts of interests and power, the religious, moral, and civilizing content of the Socialist idea." This aristocratic conception will perhaps seduce some, though it conflicts with the profound sentiment of a Socialist democracy which awaits from itself salvation and not from an outside revelation.

But to return to the Communists. They alone, to hear them, are faithful to Marxism. As do certain Protestant sects with regard to Christianity, so they preach the return to Marx, to the original Marx, to a Marxism purified of all that has since come to add itself to it. The very title of their party has been borrowed from Marx's "Communist Manifesto." Indeed, in not a few ways the doctrine propagated by them approaches the "Manifesto's" doctrine—namely, the initial forms of Marxism.

Bolshevism

THERE is nothing surprising in that. Despite numerous differences, the condition in Russia in which Communism has developed recalls, in many points of view, what western Europe represented at the moment when, in 1847, Marx and Engels published the "Manifesto"—that is, a capitalist industry, already concentrated, exploiting a miserable proletariat, evolving in the middle of an agriculture still half-feudal, on the way to its revolution.

In brief, the ruling ideas of to-day's Bolshevism respond enough to that which Marxian was, at its beginning, so that we may resume the essential traits as follows:

In all human society the economic factor is decisive. In the ultimate analysis this covers the transformations of technique. The means of production and exchange determine the transformations of law and morals, even of religious beliefs. Despite appearances, social conflicts are, before all, class conflicts, and in the capitalistic field these class conflicts lead more and more to the fundamental conflict between the capitalists and the proletariat which they exploit. In proportion as capital concentrates, a decreasing number of capitalistic magnates confront an increasing number of the proletariat. Constant capital develops relatively to variable capital. *Machinofacture* substitutes itself for manufacture, creating an army of industrial reserve whose competition lowers the average salary. Here proletariat misery exists to the day when equilibrium snaps between the two forces facing each other—capitalism and Communism. A revolutionary catastrophe takes place. In its turn the expropriating minority is expropriated by the proletarian majority. A proletarian dictatorship is founded, and thereby substitutes for the régime of capitalist property the régime of collective property—that is, of the common ownership of the instruments of production and exchange.

All this, one can admit, sufficiently responds to the thesis developed in the "Manifesto." But to pretend that this is Marx's doctrine (as detached from the mass of a work whose elaboration covered fifty years) is to discount the fact that Marx, who always strove against being a "Marxist," never ceased to revise Marxism.

The Rural Classes

ASSUREDLY, he always maintained that in the social domain one must emphasize the economic factor. But

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with him, as with Engels, this affirmation also often appears—that if, in historical evolution, the action of economic factors is preponderant, one must equally count on the reaction exercised by juridical, moral, or political factors.

Likewise, at the beginning of the "Manifesto" Marx and Engels note that "the history of all society, up to our day, has been but the history of class conflicts." Yet they take good care now not to see in these class conflicts only a simple battle between the classes—the capitalistic and the proletariat. On the contrary, at the end of the third volume of his "Capital," Marx verifies that in the actual social state there are not two, but three great classes—the salaried folk, the capitalists, and the landowners.

He also analyzes (in "Le 18 Brumaire de Louis Bonaparte") with exceptional penetration the action of intermediary classes, and notably of that category which to-day still plays such an increasingly important part in all eastern European countries—the class of peasant proprietors.

"Directive" Labor

AGAIN, while essential opposition appears, certainly in the great industrial countries, between capitalists and proletarians, we do not find Marx too frequently expressing a "manualism," tending to disdain or at least to undervalue the importance of intellectual labor, and particularly of "directive" labor. As proof I do not wish for anything further than this characteristic passage from the third volume of "Capital:"

> The labor of guardianship and direction becomes indispensable everywhere where production takes on a social character and ceases to be in the hands of isolated and autonomous producers. It has a double aspect. To be done with harmony and unity all the labors requiring the co-operation of many individuals demand that some one, having the power to command, shall supervise, not only partial operations, but the total activity of the enterprise, as does the leader of an orchestra, for example. Direction is thus a productive work, necessary in every combination of production.

Hence we see Marx no longer holding to his first simple formula—a decreasing number of capitalistic magnates and an increasing number of proletarians. On the contrary, the second and third volumes of "Capital" (which describe the processes of circulation and of capitalistic production) show us the relations existing between the small number of capitalistic magnates and the more numerous categories of landed proprietors, traders, and small industrialists, all of whose interests are opposed to those of the proletariat.

As to the theory of the proletariat's increasing misery, Marx offset it by the conquest of the legal ten-hour day, not only as the victory of a principle, but as the substantial betterment of the workingmen's destiny.

Revolution

IN isolating certain passages of the "Manifesto," or in taking them literally, it would not be correct to pretend that Marx had never seen another outcome to the social situation than in insurrectional revolution, a triumph by violence of proletarians "who have nothing to lose but their chains."

Let us compare to this ending of the "Manifesto" a passage Marx wrote years later (1867) from the preface to "Capital:"

> Just as the War for American Independence sounded an alarm for the middle class in Europe, so the American Civil War in the nineteenth century sounded the tocsin for the European working classes. In England the progress of social overturning is visible to all eyes. At a certain period this overturning will necessarily have its reaction on the Continent. In appearance it will then clothe itself in forms more or less brutal or more or less human according to the degree of working class development.
>
> Discounting higher motives, their own interests command the actual reigning classes to clear away all legal obstacles which can hamper the development of the working classes.

Alongside this take the letters from Marx to Engels. In them it was considered that in England or in the United States revolution might break out pacifically or with a minimum of violence, though such a hypothesis appeared improbable in countries politically behindhand like Germany or Russia.

A Dictatorship

WITH regard to a proletariat dictatorship, the expression is borrowed from a letter written in 1875 by Marx:

> Between capitalist and communist society there is a period of revolutionary transformation of the first into the second. To this period corresponds a transitory political period in which the state cannot take another form than that of the proletariat's revolutionary dictatorship.

One may well ask whether the use of the word "dictatorship" in the sense of "collective dictatorship" is to be recommended. Dictatorship comprises ordinarily government by one person. But Marx and Engels use it in another sense. For them proletariat dictatorship should be a *majority* dictatorship, and only that.

This Engels says frankly in a celebrated passage from "Anti-Duhring:"

> The mode of capitalistic production, in progressively transforming the great majority of the population into the proletariat, creates the force which, under pain of death, is constrained to carry out this revolution. In urging the progressive transformation of the great means of production, socialized, into state properties, it indicates itself the methods of carrying out the revolution. The proletariat lays hold of the state power and immediately transforms the means of production into state properties. In so doing, however, it destroys itself as proletariat. It abolishes all differences and antagonisms of classes and, at the same time, the state as state.

Lenine

ONE notes the essential difference between such a conception of the proletarian dictatorship—a dictatorship by the majority—and that of the Bolshevists.

Theirs is a minority dictatorship. In a country where there are not four millions in the proletariat compared with more than a hundred million peasants this cannot be justified, even as a sufficiently brutal mode of procedure, in adding to the proletarians the "half-proletarians," if the peasants be so considered.

Said Lenine:

> These two classes have solidarity from the fact that the machine of the bureaucratic and military state oppresses, crushes, and exploits them. To smash the machine, to demolish it, that is the people's practical aim; that is the prefatory condition to the free alliance of the poor peasants and the proletariat. Without this alliance no solid democracy, no social transformation, is possible.

This is not the place to show the consequences such a trial of proletarian dictatorship must have (or a pretended proletarian dictatorship), leading to a necessarily precarious alliance between a proletarian minority and a peasant majority. The peasants are far from all being "poor." They aspire towards the acquirement of their lands, and not towards the realization of Communism.

Up-to-Date Marxism

I HAVE tried to show that one cannot understand Marxism simply by re-

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ducing it to its bare elements, such as we find in the "Manifesto." Of these the prime revisionist truly was, during all his life, Marx himself.

Again, one needs to be "a man of one book only," or even of one pamphlet, to pretend to apply to-day, purely and simply, the "Manifesto's" fundamental ideas in a world resembling really less the Europe of 1847 than the Europe of 1847 resembled the Europe of older days.

Towards the middle of the nineteenth century the United States had twenty million inhabitants. China and Japan were a closed world. No European had penetrated to Central Africa. Capitalistic industry had hardly developed save in certain rare countries of western Europe.

To-day, on the contrary, the world is known, occupied, exploited. You can journey around the globe in forty minutes. By wireless telegraphy the Dutch Colonial Minister, ten minutes after his message goes, receives a response from the Governor of Batavia. No important event, in no matter what country, remains unknown some hours later and unannounced by the world press.

While capitalistic domination extends over a distinct proletariat, Socialism, over which in 1849 Reybaud was pronouncing a funeral oration, is a part of the power of many states and in well-nigh all constitutes a force which no one dreams of disdaining.

Should one be astonished, then, that the Socialism of to-day is no longer, can be no longer, the Socialism of the "Manifesto"? The revision, begun by Marx, has continued to accomplish its work.

Darwin and the Parthenon

UNDER these conditions it is as absurd to speak of the failure of Marxism as of Darwinism just because the transformation is no longer what it was at the time when Marx published his "Manifesto" and Darwin his "Origin of Species."

Marx's work, like all human works, has stood time's tests. Some say it is a ruin. So is the Parthenon. But what are, in comparison with such a ruin, the mediocre edifices created by man in the surrounding region? The Parthenon's main lines are intact. Inspired by them, men will build the cities of the future.

Sculling as an Art

By JAMES A. TEN EYCK

IT is so natural to generalize that one's first impulse in dealing with any activity is to say of it, "It is the greatest," or "the best," or "the most useful," and then go on to bolster up one's statement with an assembly of facts. This tendency has been noticeably in evidence in dealing with various sports or exercises in relation to their recreative value.

One might employ all the above adjectives in writing of the art of the sculler, and then not be able to prove his point. Mainly, because sculling as an art has been thoroughly understood by comparatively few persons and has been brought to perfection by fewer still. But as a means of health-giving exercise and recreation it has no equal in the minds of those who know it in relation to other sports and who have practiced it in the utilitarian aspects, for sculling, or rowing, as it is more commonly called, has played no small part in certain phases of industry.

To be sure, the prevalence of gasoline-driven craft in recent years has placed rowing almost entirely in the "pleasure class" of recreative sports, but when I was a boy I took, not only my play, but my work also at the oars, for at that time rowing was the only method of navigation in shallow waters.

A MAN should love the tools of his craft, and I suppose every workman does love the instruments with which he toils—at least he has pride in the possession of good tools and the resultant good product of his labor. But no man who ever sat in a good boat and forced it through the water could but be in love with his craft. I say a "good" boat, advisedly, for I would not row across the barge canal in most of the rowboats one sees along the banks of inland streams. Perhaps the boat itself, the hull, is of good model and proportion, but the rigging is almost never right. I know that to some the term "rigging," when used in connection with boats, suggests masts and sails and shrouds, but in rowing parlance rigging means seat and stretcher and oars and rowlocks, and the adjustment of all of these appliances, and it is in the nice adjustment of these details that comfort and efficiency are gained for the oarsman. And let me say that in the ordinary pleasure boat these details should be as carefully planned and carried out as they are in a racing craft, where oftentimes the difference between victory and defeat in a race lies in the rigging of the race boat. You may go to the best boat builder in the country and pay what you will for a rowboat made of the choicest of woods, and with the most skillful workmanship, but if your rigging does not fit you you will be as uncomfortable as you would be if you tried to walk five miles with a number ten foot in a number eight shoe.

So often, when speaking of rowing, the comparison is made to sawing wood, and always in disparagement of boat activities. Now sawing wood is an excellent exercise. Often in the winter-time when I cannot row I buy a couple of cords of good hard wood and get my daily exercise over the sawbuck. But I want a good sharp saw and a sawbuck of the right height, just the same as I want a good boat and a good rigging when I go out for a row.

It is surprising that often men who have put in years at the oars have really never known what comfort was in a boat. A few summers ago, when I was down on the coast of Maine, I kept my oars in the boathouse of a man who had for years been a fisherman, who had gone to the Grand Banks and hauled nets and trawls, who had rowed to lobster pots and fish traps, who had rowed ferry across the river where he now runs a launch to carry passengers wherever they wish to go. One day Fred said to me: "I think I'll take a row in your boat some day; she looks like a good one, and I have not had a pair of oars in my hands for years." I replied: "All right, Fred, I wish you would give her a try. She suits me pretty well." A day or two later when I came down to the water Fred said: "Well, now I know why you like to row so well. Why, man, I never in my life was in a boat that rowed so easy. It was such fun I went clear up to Fort Island."

Now here was a man who had earned his livelihood for years in a boat that had never been rigged right. He would never have gone to sea in his sailing vessel unless he had been sure of spars and sails and sheets. But the matter of the stretcher and proper leverage for his oars and smooth working rowlocks had seemed so unimportant that he had never given it much thought, and he had gone on in the same old rut with a rig that had no comfort and where effi-

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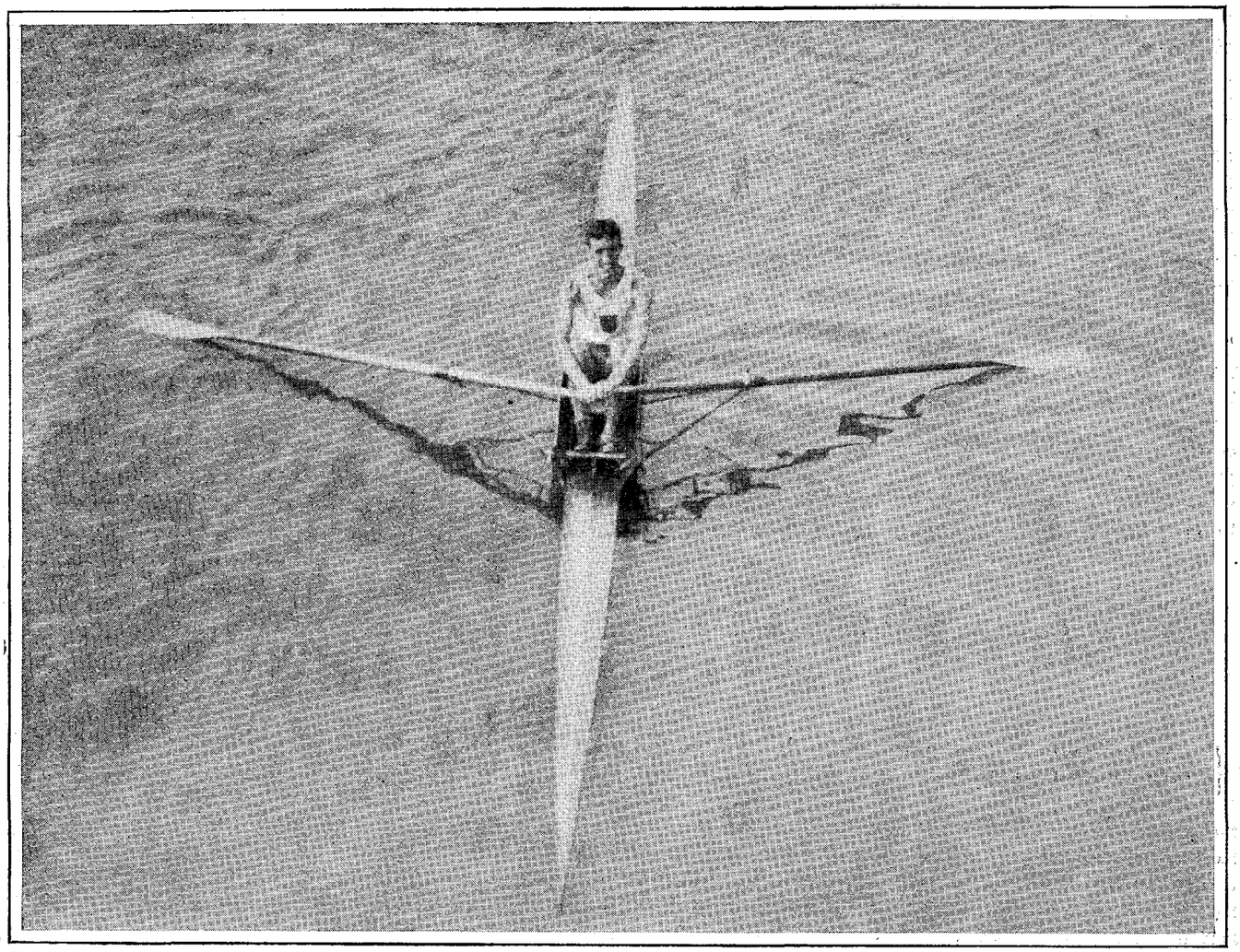

Wide World

Sculling—a sport that demands the best mechanics of rowing as well as physical perfection

ciency was gained only by an exertion twice as arduous as was necessary.

So that when I speak of the "art" of rowing I mean, not only the perfection of the technique of watermanship, but the perfection of the craft and rigging as well, for a good oarsman should be a good rigger, and I had almost said a rigger should have been an oarsman, although that phase of the rowing game can be carried on by one who does not know how to row. But such a delicate, touchy thing is a boat that even he who works over her mechanically must understand and appreciate something of her delicacy and charm. Nobody can be long about boats and not come to love them. I have rowed in all sorts of craft and on many waters, but always I have loved my boat, and she must be mine. I could borrow my neighbor's lawn-mower, his house, and his furniture, but the boat I row in must be my own. And next to the enjoyment of a good boat comes the enjoyment of the course. In the sort of rowing I do nowadays—and indeed I do not limit it to the present, for this has always been true with me—the water and the surrounding shores are one with the boat and the exercise, and to my mind this is one of the distinct and unique values of rowing, the shifting and interesting background for one's work and play.

I HAVE rowed on many streams, little rivers and great ones, but I think my Hudson River days were the finest. I have rowed on the Charles River Basin when it was a tidewater course, rowed races there at 6:30 in the morning when the shores were lined with thousands of spectators. I have rowed on most of the lakes and rivers in Florida, for I spent the winter of 1889, with a company of professional oarsmen, rowing races at celebrations, fairs, and festivals throughout almost the entire State. I participated in the races at Austin, Texas, when the city celebrated the completion of the two-million-dollar dam across the Colorado River. I have rowed on the estuary of Oakland, in San Francisco Bay. I have rowed on Lake Superior and St. Louis River and Bay at the head of the Great Lakes. I have rowed on Lake Michigan and on lovely Lake Minnetonka, which is as beautiful as the song which bears its name. I have rowed on Saratoga Lake and its lovely little sister Lake Lonely. I have rowed at Halifax and at Calais, Maine, where the tide rises forty feet and runs so fast it shoots you up and down like an elevator. I have rowed on the Sheepscot and the Damariscotta and adjacent bays on the Maine coast; at Asbury Park; and on Lake Ponchartrain; and still the list runs on. But I think I love the Hudson best, because it was there as a little boy that I took my first lessons in watermanship from my father, whose father before him had been a famous oarsman.

The Hudson of itself is worthy of any man's love and allegiance. But no doubt tradition and sentiment play a strong part in my feeling toward the river upon whose bank I was born and whose waters glide down past the graves of my ancestors. Seventy years ago there was a little sandy beach at Tomkins Cove where I stood with my hand in my mother's and heard the ripples on the shore singing songs of invitation to the little would-be voyager, whose fleet of mimic boats was pulled high up shore beyond the encroaching tides or, breaking away, went out to sea to join the long-lost ships of fairy argosies. Now the blasting in stone quarries shakes the ground then so serene and pleasant; the grind and crunch of stone-crushers dis-

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turb the once Sabbath stillness; long strings of barges carry the hills my father and my grandfather loved down to Central Park to be trodden into dust by those who never saw, though they are less than fifty miles away, the mighty slopes of Buckabarack, of Butter Hill, of Crow's Nest, of Dunderberg, and of Anthony's Nose. And these same careless city folk will travel to foreign lands and go on voyages of exploration to distant mountain fastnesses, and, coming home, tell of the grandeur of the Apennines or Alps, will exclaim about the wonder and beauty of the Po or the Arno or the Rhine. I feel so sorry that they do not realize how lovely is the Hudson when one knows her in her intimate or personal moods, and I should like to tell them that on the upper slopes of Storm King and the "Nose Mountain" are miles and miles of primitive forest as wild and grand as any peak accessible to man. When I was a young fellow, I rowed a ton of giant powder up from Peekskill Dock to Poughkeepsie—some thirty-five miles, as I recall it—where the powder was used to blast away the promontory called Blue Point, and indeed this spot, just above Highland, is still called Blue Point by rivermen, though the point itself is no more. Sometimes now in these latter days, as my crews slide down past this point or pull up by it in a trial row, I think of the twenty-foot boat which I hauled up against the ebb and with the flood so many years ago. She was a cumbersome craft, and her name was the Ida Lewis. She was one of the fleet of boats in which my father and I fished for shad in the early springs, and, while she lacked the graceful lines and lightness of many of my later boats, still she was a joy to me, for was she not, in a sense, my first command?

And I have thought sometimes in these later years, if I had been wise, I would have dropped that ton of giant powder overboard and gone home with my pockets empty of the twenty-five dollars, which was the small fortune the job offered me for my part in the destruction of a lovely bit of nature's handiwork. And I sometimes repeat to myself the lines I memorized long before I knew who Lord Byron was and ere I had any adequate idea of the meaning of the "Apostrophe to the Ocean:"

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed.

For, indeed, these man-made wrecks along the Hudson are things I resent almost with bitterness—wrecks of beautiful little coves and crannies, wrecks of mountain slopes and majestic peaks whose summits pierced the clouds or caught and held the sun's departing rays; wrecks of sandy little beaches from which I had often launched little boats made of pieces of driftwood and scraps of string; wrecks of trees under whose roots the natives swear they have unearthed pots of golden coin buried there by outlaws and pirates long ago. Sometimes, I say, as I push the bow of my little varnished boat into some well-remembered cove and note the changes in the contour of the river's rock-facing—here a cut for the railroad, there a stone-crusher with its string of gravel barges, here an amusement park with its screeching hurdy-gurdy—I go back through memory's lanes to the time when the only sound that cut the stillness was the note of a cow-bell tinkling out from Doodletown Bight, or the swish of a lone blue heron's wing as he struggled up from the sedges and floated off to be lost in the sheltering shores of Popolopen Creek.

I STARTED out to talk about sculling, and I find myself talking about the Hudson. But to me they are inseparable, rowing and the Hudson, the Hudson and boats.

When I was a very young lad, I rowed one of my first races at Cornwall-on-Hudson, just below the heights where dwelt the famous Ward brothers, whose names meant rowing to the world of sports, and where dwelt Lyman Abbott, that gracious personage whose presence made Cornwall a mecca for the great and the good. I almost never row down past that shore now without recalling some of the thrills that came—oh, so many years ago!—when every new experience carried with it the significance of an epoch, for I was so young and so full of the joy of living. Mine was the feeling and the sentiment which Conrad described when he wrote: "Oh, youth, the strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it; youth, the silly, charming, beautiful youth."

I RECALL a day in spring when the urge to row sent me batting away down through the "Race" from Anthony's Nose to the point of Dunderberg Mountain, out into and through Peekskill Bay, where my father and I kept a fleet of boats. I couldn't stop, the urge to go on and on was too strong, so I got out into the last of the ebb, and kept rowing on until I came opposite Stony Point, and then crossed over to Crugers. Here I rowed into the little bay, drank from the spring all rivermen knew about, chatted with the Fredenburgs, the Conklins, the Tuttles, and the Lents (all names for oarsmen to conjure by), turned the bow of my boat up-stream, and finally pulled her out on the lower dock at Peekskill, having rowed some twenty-eight miles, and all for the fun of it. If you have never felt it, the keen enjoyment of putting "all you've got" into a feat of strength and endurance, you won't know what I mean. But every athlete who has ever gone through a season's intensive training will understand when I say it felt so good to just be able to go on and on, feeling all the time that every stroke of the oars was a good one, that every lift and run of the boat was rhythmic and true, that power and speed and prowess were yours to expend at will, and all the while to enjoy. This is what I love to feel myself, and what I love to see exhibited by the fine young fellows who come under my care. I cannot conceive of a fellow rowing and not liking it. And sculling displays so many angles, demands so much finesse, requires so much study. Sculling and billiards, these are the two greatest of all games, to my way of thinking, although I am a duffer at billiards. I knew the fathers of both Jake Schaefer and Willy Hoppe—another good old Cornwall name, by the way—and I have seen both of the young fellows play. If there is anything more fascinating than to watch the graceful, easy, exact, skillful manipulation of an expert cueist, I do not know what it is, unless it is to watch the perfect sculler at his task. Note the billiardist's hands, how fine and sensitive, how expressive and free; so should the sculler's hands and muscles be, though his accuracy and finish are not of the same hair-trigger variety as the billiard player requires.

And, too, the sculler must be a clean liver. Rowing brings an awful strain on all the vital organs—burns them clean of all refuse, seeks out every nerve and muscle and articulation, and demands of each that it be of the best. There is one phrase that is heard almost daily around training quarters, "Go through clean," and the boys get to know that this exhortation means more than just keeping oars balanced and swinging with proper beat and power. Not only the mechanics of rowing, but physical perfection, as well, of the human machine. There is no sport that takes so much out of a man, and, in turn, there is none that puts so much into him. Clean living and good rowing come to be synonymous

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in rowing quarters, when all goes as it should.

All this time I have been speaking of sculling and rowing, and have now and then brought in a reference to college crews and college rowing. But, unfortunately, we cannot speak of sculling and college rowing as one and the same thing. They have this in common—they both employ oars for propelling boats. But the likeness goes little farther than that. The sculler is a far more skillful and scientific performer than is the sweep oarsman. All of you who stand on the banks or ride along in the observation trains at college boat races see eight men in a boat and eight oars flashing, and the spectacle is pleasing and exciting. But if you were to see eight men in a boat and sixteen oars flashing you would see a far finer spectacle. The strain of pulling on one oar, the effort and skill demanded to keep the boat on her bottom, the ragged appearance some types of crews present at certain stages of the race, could be very largely eliminated if college crews rowed with sculls instead of sweeps. But it often seems that conservativism and tradition linger longest in scholastic circles, and so with our slender, graceful little cedar boats, weighing less than 300 pounds, we still propel them as the old Egyptians forced their galleons through the waters of the Nile, with six or a dozen galley slaves chained to an oar. There is no chance for an argument in the matter of sculls *versus* sweeps. For every argument the sweep oarsman can present the sculler can offer two kinds of confutation. And when the sweep devotee has fired all his defensive ammunition, the sculler has not yet even opened up his powder magazine.

One cannot conclude any discussion of sculling without noting the names of some of the men who have brought the art to its highest form. Many countries have produced famous scullers, but England, Australia, and America have contributed the greatest number of great scullers. Among the names on the long list are some famous old-time professionals and some old-time amateurs, as well as some modern amateur scullers, for professional rowing has long since come to an end in this country, though it is still practiced to some extent in England and Australia.

I think probably the names of Edward Hanlan and Jacob G. Gaudaur stand out most prominently among the names of professional scullers the world over. Hanlan was, no doubt, the most colorful of the two, but "Jake" Gaudaur had the most perfect build for an oarsman of any man I ever saw. He was six feet in height and weighed 175 pounds, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body.

Of the amateur scullers, no doubt my son, Edward Hanlan Ten Eyck, and Walter Hoover have achieved the greatest international fame. My boy Ned was at seventeen years of age the acknowledged champion of the world. He never lost a single sculling race throughout his six years of rowing, and I, who handled him, knew there were no details lacking in bringing him to perfection. He and his grandfather are the only single scullers whom I have ever known who could say, as my father used to say to me, waking from a reverie in his old age, "I never lost, Jim, never lost a race." Hoover's training was not so ideal as Ned's. His early careless method marred his otherwise magnificent ability. Later, however, when Hoover came into his own he was a worthy opponent for any sculler. Jack Kelly and Paul Costello, of Philadelphia, both put in a bid for international honors and both had their day in the sun. There have been in the past a number of famous college boys who have competed in single sculling races, and I, for one, would like to see sculling races a part of our intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson.

Red Chimneys

By Grace Noll Crowell

A chimney is to any house
What fire is to a hearth,
Or what the warm gold sun is to
The old gray earth—

I have seen red chimneys tip
A roof with scarlet light,
As if one set lit candles on
A sill at night—

I have seen them gleam and glow
Against the morning sky
Like red birds waiting in the mist
Before they fly.

I have watched blue spiraled smoke,
Lift up—a wind-blown flower—
From bright-red chimneys to denote
Man's supper hour.

Chimneys are to any house
What lamps are to the night—
Unto each heart some chimney is
A beacon light.

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A peace-time job for the Navy. Sailors and marines supervising the disbandment of Nicaraguan forces

More Letters from Nicaragua

Chinandega, Nicaragua,
May 14, 1927.

THE outstanding news of my day is that I get another hundred men next week, so that when the Milwaukee has disarmed the local soldiers of both sides we can turn the fag ends over to this new detachment and leave. We have answered countless alarms, had our fill of tragic stories, and seen too many victims of this turmoil carried by our door. We are ready for the comparative quiet and repose of an average Chicago street—now this so-called war seems to be drawing to a close, in an ending as inglorious as its beginning. It has been a futile and cruel thing throughout, and, as always when law gives way to passion and might serves greed, misery and want are the lot of all.

The war has been futile, for never since its inception was it intended to secure a principle or enlarge in any way the liberties or privileges of the people. Its senseless cruelties have been in every act, and some one act at least has touched every family. Cruelty has run the gamut of theft, arson, brutal assault, abduction, murder, and mutilation of prisoners. It has been a part of every military action, great or small.

No one knows what it was all about—no one can tell you why he is an adherent of one side and not of the other. A Liberal cannot give you even an idea of the principles for which the Liberal Party stands, not to mention the difference in principle between the Conservatives and Liberals. Reverse the names of the parties, and this statement is equally true.

Each confesses that he and his friends want the power of office that they may do to the other side those very things that are so reprehensible when done to them. They frankly say that one side is as bad as the other and then go on to state that the United States should secure office for the party to which your visitor belongs. "Why?" you ask. "Because," says he, "I have lost all my cattle—or my house has been burned or my brother was killed."

I wrote you of the fate of our friendless beer-seller—his arrest and confinement, so that all the profits of his trade might go to his competitor, one of the general's officers. The latter had the arrest made on no charge at all, except that the other man was said to have Liberal leanings. This small incident serves as well as another to illustrate the motives back of this whole business—office is an instrument through which one's friends are enriched and one's enemies are oppressed. Never for an instant does a native entertain the thought—certainly I have never heard it once expressed—that office might serve loftier ends.

As for fighting, what a novel system of waging war! It is a vain, vague, and illusive system, or lack of system, that would tumble like a house of cards at a touch. The soldiers, both officers and men, owe no allegiance and give no loyalty, as we know the term, to party or principle. There is equally an absence of loyalty to any individual, though it is true that they follow some one man's personal banner. Thus the soldier goes to war in fear of his chief, because of a greater fear of the leader of the other side, or in the hope of loot. Volunteers

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Raw material for plowshares. The Nicaraguan soldiers turn in their arms in accordance with the Stimson agreement

for the ranks are unknown, and a man is taken from the fields or from the mill by the first who finds him. Then, after a sufficient number of crimes against persons and things have been committed, alone or in company, and are fastened on him, his life stands forfeited if he finds himself within reach of the other camp. When retribution is stalking him, he has ripened into a soldier and will fight.

Thus, while he will fight, it is fear that drives him and not patriotism. There is no lofty uplifting emotion, nothing of the spiritual in it. If the other side chooses to avoid an engagement, there is no need to press for one, because one's own life is not endangered by conflict avoided. Hence it is that in those rare cases when the opposing "armies" come within measurable distance of each other, it is still no mean problem to bring them to grips. A dash for the enemy and his vigorous pursuit is a thing unknown, and I leave to your imagination what would happen should these people be faced by soldiers, even a handful, to whom duty is almost religion, determined on the extermination of criminals calling themselves patriots.

As I said before, the war is ended. Liberals and Conservatives come in to say how glad they are and to suggest that it would be perfect if the United States were to give Nicaragua the status of Cuba. There is no resentment over the fact of intervention by us, but, on the contrary, the hope is often expressed by the partisans of each side that we will make our control permanent. While this doubtless comes in large part from distrust of their fellow-countrymen, there is room there for much comfort to all Americans who are not confirmed critics of their own Government, in that it recognizes that our ministrations are disinterested and helpful.

We, the sons of the "Colossus of the North," are in as pleasurable a state of excitement as are the natives, for we hope that the end of this duty for us is near and that home is almost in sight. We still have the disarming to do, and further ahead is the unpleasant problem of suppressing the blood feuds engendered by the war. Moncada's army is turning in its arms to-day, somewhere above Tipitapa, and to-morrow I resume negotiations to the same end with Cabulla, the local Liberal leader.

He has heretofore failed to acknowledge any superior or to make himself subject to any control, self-imposed or otherwise—a young man of about twenty-four years, stocky and strong, illiterate, unable even to sign his name, a mixture of Indian, Negro and German blood, bold, ruthless, cruel, and lustful, the very epitome of bestiality.

He tells me that he will follow the example of his chief, Moncada (Moncada denies him), and turn in his arms. Ten dollars a rifle to men of his command, who have worked a lifetime and never seen ten dollars, is a fortune not to be resisted. The majority will not struggle against the temptation, but those who dare not present themselves for a share in the golden harvest will flee to the hills, to continue their depredations until tracked down and brought to account.

Later. I am just back from a conference with Cabulla, and such a conference! Picture a half-drunken mob of vicious or vacuous men led by such a man as I have already described, some eight hundred of them on horseback. All except a large staff and a few women of the household were stopped at our lines, and, leaving the main body yelling and giving *vivas*, while a mounted band played the "Marseillaise," the "General" and entourage advanced under our escort.

Cabulla, decorated with a large red-plush sash bearing some ennobling motto, was nobly drunk. His mistress, who is reputed to be an old sweetheart, forced to marry another, and now widowed by Cabulla's own hand rode

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by his side, while five other women and one little girl were close at hand. The General with drunken chivalry assisted his inamorata to alight, placed a chair for her at the table, waved his men back, called for his secretary, then lapsed into silence, and the conference was on.

The secretary, a man of some eloquence who dearly loved to hear his own voice, did all the talking, answering out of hand without referring any question to his chief. In a word, they are ready to lay down their arms if Moncada, the chief of chiefs, says so, but—

They have no doubt that Moncada has so spoken. The only trouble is that he has not addressed himself directly to them. That, then, is wanted, for unless they draw some recognition from Moncada they will have even a harder time in proving themselves Liberals rather than bandits. Then too, just what does peace mean to them personally, is another question they want answered. Will some of the minor political jobs allocated to the Liberals go to them, and how far will the promised immunity extend? They told me to-day they "did not want to be killed like dogs." When that question of amnesty comes to mind, I wager nearly all of them visualize some gruesome deed that needs forgetting, for this countryside holds them in terror with all reason.

The end of our stay is nearer, but not yet.

Economic Nationalism

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

LOUIS LOUCHEUR is one of the foremost economists of our time. He it was who during the war negotiated the clever Franco-German trade exchange with Walter Rathenau. M. Loucheur has now carried through to success an equally remarkable undertaking.

A year ago last September, at Geneva, I heard him propose the convoking of an International Economic Conference. The subsidence of political insecurity, and particularly of the monetary fluctuations, called the greater general attention to such remaining obstacles to commercial freedom as import and export prohibitions, customs formalities, unreasonable tariffs.

The Economic Conference was carefully prepared, as has been no other. It adjourned at the end of May. Nearly two hundred delegates were present and over a hundred and fifty experts. They came from fifty-five countries. What is more, they represented all shades of opinion.

They were appointed by the various Governments, but, not being "the spokesmen of official policy," were the freer to express their individual views. As may be fancied, these differed widely and sometimes wildly. While there was no chance of complete agreement on many points, there was recorded progress along general principles looking towards greater equality of commercial treatment. In especial, the Conference at its close declared that "the time has come to put an end to the increase in tariffs" and frowned on other fiscal charges imposed on imported goods.

Now, as showing how hard it is to get states to work economically together, we have the spectacle of the very Power more than any other responsible for the Conference apparently contravening its recommendations. Hardly had the Conference adjourned when, under a dumping law, the French Government announced a decree prohibiting coal imports into France save under license from the Ministries of Finance or of Public Works.

Wide World

Louis Loucheur

LIKE every other country, France has been feeling the slackening of coal consumption. This is due largely to the competition of water power and of oil and to technical improvements which make a given amount of coal go further than formerly.

Despite these things, coal production has continued to expand. Result, overproduction in certain countries.

Here in France accumulation at the mines increased because of general overproduction on the Continent, due to the British coal strike and to the consequent diminution of supplies from the north. Most of the coal imported into France comes from England; the next largest amount comes from Germany, with very much smaller amounts from Belgium, Luxemburg, the United States of America, and Holland. During the past few years Germany has increased by six times her coal exports to France; one of the reasons, as reported, has been the offer from German collieries in respect to current contracts provided French buyers should enter into purchases of coal for delivery during the next year. This competition has also stimulated the British to much lower prices.

The French decree will be an additional blow to the already sadly complicated coal situation in England. As far as the present season is concerned, however, fortunately, French licenses have already been granted for delivery of English coal during June, July, and August for nearly three million tons—not very dissimilar from the usual amount. The pinch will come later. First, the probable shutting down in demand will add poignancy to the unemployment situation in England. According to the British Secretary for Mines, an average of nearly four thousand workers is employed for every million tons of coal produced a year. Second, there will be inevitable reaction in the

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balance of payments between the two countries.

The French Government naturally wants to protect the home market for the home producer. With this aim, some time since it introduced a new general tariff bill. The measure has met with severe criticism both here and abroad and is still before Parliament. Its coal item was to be reinforced by granting preferential railway rates of fifteen per cent reduction on normal rates. Even this prospect was not alluring enough, hence the Government does not wait for Parliament, but proceeds by decree to protect the French market.

If any government knows what it is about in these troublous times, the Poincaré administration ought to be it! Surely all supporters of economic as well as political law and order will hope that the present Prime Minister may long continue in power. But even so, two queries arise in the minds of some Poincarists:

(1) Will not the decree's ultimate effect be to raise the price of coal to the French consumer?

(2) Will not France, England, and Germany one day enter into an international industrial movement to stand for a policy of freer imports; at least to adjust supply to demand; to co-operate, not to fight?

Paris, June 18, 1927.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Poems, Opaque, Translucent, and Clear

Reviewed by ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SEVERAL years ago a senior member of the Authors Club encouraged a junior with the compliment, "I'm sure that you write rotten poetry because I get what you're driving at."

What primitive man really delighted in was the simple lay of the tribal poet; but, as the local medicine-man or shaman well knew, primitive man could be more deeply impressed by mysterious symbols and high-sounding language that conveyed no exact meaning. Naïve humanity is still in awe of oracular and sibylline utterances demanding specially qualified interpreters, and there is still no lack of super-sophisticated shamans, literary medicine-men, and high priests of poetry to proclaim the superiority of the occult and cabalistic. Nevertheless there remain among us those who love the directness and power of poets of the true line from Homer down through Chaucer to John Masefield, and who prefer to take our poetry and our verbal puzzles separately.

There is always mental strength in the work of Maxwell Bodenheim, though, because of a perverse theory, that strength is too often misdirected in distorting language for the purpose of attaining novel and bizarre effects. To realize how direct Mr. Bodenheim can be and sometimes is in his latest volume, "Returning to Emotion,"[1] read the conclusion of "Daniel Boone," a poem reflecting a recollection of a rude print of the old pioneer seen in boyhood:

Yet, in the moment when I saw you
Threatened, strong, and alert
In the wilderness, an instinct
Told me that you were a poet
Forced to use his eyes and muscles
In the place of words and spoken rhythms—
Writing one, long poem
On a space of ground
Afterwards known as Kentucky.

That true young poet, George O'Neil, comes with a second book, "The White Rooster."[2] He is well equipped with imagination and a fine sensitiveness and is, in his full fervor of self-expression, so hard or impossible to understand that he is in danger of being prematurely hailed as great by the select few. One of the groundlings would suggest that with all his gifts he requires a severer self-discipline toward intelligibility. In one of his plainer passages Mr. O'Neil thus describes a snake sloughing its skin:

He glued his throat upon a scarlet rock
And dragged his body through a fern,
And shot his tongue into a cloud of gnats.
Then, with a wavy turn,
He slid into a groove where violets
Laid on his length a purple stress,
Peeling him, as he pulled across their roots,
Of all his brittleness.

Though so much free verse has small excuse for pretending to be anything but prose rearranged for typographical effect, here is one of our younger poets, James Rorty, whose free verse chants and sings and fully justifies its being both by its music and its meaning. Mr. Rorty's themes are modern, American, and strongly influenced by a lively social conscience, but he writes in good English. Here, from his book "Children of the Sun,"[3] is the opening stanza of a poem called "The River:"

Given a broad-flowing river, a calm and lordly river,
Peace may be made with a green bank sloping, a red cow drinking,
Trees, and white houses, the ripe corn shedding
Pollen for bees to go bearing and sharing
Up the warm valleys.
Peace may be made, and happy songs for singing
Under the blue sky, softly, quietly singing
Beside the broad river.

Saints, warriors, and the mellowed past again play their part in Robert P. Tristram Coffin's second collection, "Dew and Bronze."[4] But, though the statelier bronze may have its attractions, there is more charm in such drops of dew as these three stanzas, which, at the close of a poem on the author's dog, form a fitting epitaph on such a comrade as every boy should have:

Rest lightly on him, Earth, for he
Was thistledown to you,
A very West wind when he raced
With eager games in view.

Somewhere on the Blessed Isles,
Where dogs have all their will,
He chases swift till all is blue
His endless woodchucks still.

I envy all the little gods
Who know his phantom dim,
And romp and play and have his love
Until I come for him.

With a combination of energy, imagination, and restraint wholly admirable, James Weldon Johnson offers in "God's

[1] Returning to Emotion. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

[2] The White Rooster. By George O'Neil. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

[3] Children of the Sun. By James Rorty. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

[4] Dew and Bronze. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. Albert & Charles Boni, New York. $1.50.

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Trombones"[5] free-verse versions of seven Negro folk-sermons such as were chanted and thundered by old-time colored pulpiteers—fervent, grandiloquent exhorters who "preached a personal and anthropomorphic God, a sure-enough heaven and a red-hot hell." Mr. Johnson's good taste has rejected dialect and low comedy, and his interpretations are genuinely and deeply moving. The eight illustrations by the Negro artist Aaron Douglas finely supplement the text. Altogether, the book is the most interesting of those here mentioned, and the one that most richly deserves a permanent place in the library.

Perhaps the most striking poem in "Eve Walks in Her Garden," by Louise Ayres Garnett,[6] is the opening "Ballad of the Doorstone" with its Irish flavor and vigorous directness. But read this sardonic couplet that ends a brief description of a very old and ailing woman:

When you ask how she fares, she says with a prod
At the doddering ashes: *Worse, thank God.*

Cowboys, rustlers, horses, and cattle again furnish Edwin Ford Piper themes for his new collection, "Paintrock Road,"[7] and quite a little powder is burned in the longer poems. There is a tender and personally reminiscent touch in such shorter pieces as "A Little Boy Rides" and in "Six Yoke," which follows:

I sit by the trail in the misty moonlight
And see the old bull-teams swing up through the night.

Bull-whacker, bull-whacker, your wagon wheels pass—
No creaking of axle, no bending of grass.

O moody bull-driver, throw off yoke and chain—
Turn out your tired cattle to graze on the plain.

They are white, they are roan, they are spotted and red,
The shadowy oxen,—the ghosts of the dead.

Witches, werewolves, women wanton and weird, melancholy mermaids, and haunted houses figure prominently in Marjorie Allen Seiffert's "Ballads of the Singing Bowl."[8] When, in the course of her ballads, Mrs. Seiffert commits a lyrical murder, and she frequently does, the assassination is managed so musically, romantically, and with such a notable absence of inherent cruelty that it is a pleasure for all concerned, including the reader.

According to learned commentators of various orthodoxies, the Song of Solomon is purely symbolic; with that precedent imminent, it would possibly be sacrilegious to doubt whether in "Penelope, and Other Poems,"[9] Sister M. Madeleva has always clearly distinguished between love human and love divine. Never mind. Her work reveals a nature of more than usual loveliness, and here is one of her lighter lyrics, "Fantasy," that demands no special interpretation:

Do you suppose
The cherry tree's white furbelows,
The pretty frills the jonquil shows,
The maple's curious, knotted bows,
The first, pale ruffles of the rose
Are baby things that April sews
For the sweet world to wear?
Who knows?

"Astrolabe," by S. Foster Damon,[10] is a collection of clever and interesting cynicisms which a hopeful and too consciously scholarly young poet does well to get out of his system before coming out from under the lamp and into the sun. The first two stanzas of "Dusk: N. Y. C." present a recognizable picture and mood:

The round and hot sun lingers, softly lighting
A solitary cloud with violet.
On the rich sky an aeroplane is writing
In smoke the name of a cheap cigarette.

The skyscrapers, as placid as young sibyls,
Smile on the traffic's pandemonium.
A hand, gigantic and invisible, scribbles
In flame the name of a new chewing gum.

If only because of the author's high accomplishment in other fields, John Galsworthy's small collection, "Verses New and Old,"[11] would deserve attention; but his songs in which he remembers Devon are well worth reading for their own sake; and "Errantry" is so expressive of this fine playwright's attitude toward his world that it seems compulsory to quote, though inadequately, the first stanza:

Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!
For who would live so petty and unblest
That dare not tilt at something ere he die,
Rather than, screened by safe majority,
Preserve his little life to little ends,
And never raise a rebel battle-cry!

Good verse for and about children is notoriously rare; so here is a little of that commodity from a neat collection, "Everything and Anything," by Dorothy Aldis:[12]

On stormy days when the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms sweeping the sky.

They swish their branches in buckets of rain,
And swash and sweep it blue again.

But is Webster obsolete, and is the newest generation being taught to pronounce "again" to rhyme with "rain"?

To those who remember the early days of Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey there will always be an appeal in poetical partnerships; and here are two very recent graduates of Dartmouth, R. A. Lattimore and A. K. Laing, collaborating to produce an exceedingly thin yet fairly promising volume of verse.[13] The most effective of the poems, "Seven Men," informs one that, while its heroes are "gay blasphemers," worldlings, and epicures,

Yet they are gallant livers,
Both whimsical and wise,
World fighters, world forgivers,
With courage in their eyes.

Their souls are sold, all seven,
And mine is lost as well
Through doubts about a heaven
That sends such men to Hell.

Heroic youth is so enamored of damnation, isn't it?

While "The Georgetown Anthology," edited by Al. Philip Kane and James S. Ruby, Jr.,[14] is primarily of value to the alumni and undergraduates of Georgetown University, a wider historical and personal interest is awakened by the inclusion of "Maryland, My Maryland," by John Ryder Randall, '52, and verses by such graduates as John Boyle O'Reilly, '89, Maurice Francis Egan, '89, Condé B. Pallen, '80, Robert J. Collier, '94, and Thomas Walsh, '92.

Another collection, likewise of limited scope, "The Bookman Anthology of

[5] God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press, New York. $2.50.

[6] Eve Walks in Her Garden. By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[7] Paintrock Road. By Edwin Ford Piper. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

[8] Ballads of the Singing Bowl. By Marjorie Allen Seiffert. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

[9] Penelope, and Other Poems. By Sister M. Madeleva. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

[10] Astrolabe. By S. Foster Damon. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

[11] Verses New and Old. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

[12] Everything and Anything. By Dorothy Aldis. Minton, Balch & Co., New York. $2.

[13] Hanover Poems. By R. A. Lattimore and A. K. Laing. Harold Vinal, New York. $1.50.

[14] The Georgetown Anthology. Edited by Al. Philip Kane and James S. Ruby, Jr. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $2.

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Verse, Second Series," edited by John Farrar,[15] consists of verses that have appeared in the literary monthly, the "Bookman," and is considerably enlivened by Mr. Farrar's personal impressions of the poets included.

[15] The Bookman Anthology of Verse, Second Series. Edited by John Farrar. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Fiction

THE SECRETARY OF STATE. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

As the title implies, this is a political novel, and British politics seem to be even less like a bed of roses than our own. "The Secretary of State" continues the saga, begun in an earlier book, "Saviours of Society," of the life and achievements of Ambrose Sheridan. A newspaper owner and member of the Cabinet, Sheridan has emerged from the maze of after-war politics, "to proceed Napoleonically from triumph to triumph." The editorial brilliancy and personality of a Northcliffe, the ruthlessness of a Bottomley, and the adventurous ability of a Churchill are met in him. Around him seethe Prime Ministers, Colonial Secretaries, while the old reactionaries among the peerage tolerate him because of his marriage to Auriol Otway, daughter of Lord Otway.

A prologue explains Sheridan's discarded first wife and Auriol's former fiancé, Max Hendry. The return of Max Hendry after trying to forget Auriol in Chile provides a familiar triangle. Naturally, the family of Ambrose Sheridan have politics three times a day, all days, with Auriol writing long political entries in her diary far into the night. The intricacies of contemporary British politics and society are interestingly described, and the romantic figure of Ambrose Sheridan stalks through them, making his kills like a lone wolf.

SAINT IN IVORY. By Lorine Pruette. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This historical romance, unusual in both theme and treatment, tells in vigorous yet often poetic prose the story of St. Genevieve—worker of miracles even from her simple childish days in Nanterre, become in time the powerful protectress and patron saint of Paris, consulted by kings, honored by warriors, and revered by the people. The accepted facts and traditional miracles of the saint's career are employed with telling effect, but she is made a very human woman; in her youth no more than half holy, giving a girl's love, against her will, to her playmate and lover, Euric, at the same time that she yearns with mystic fervor to become the Bride of Christ. The varied incidents of the tale are well selected or imagined to bring out its pictorial quality; it passes before the reader's eyes rather like one of those old processional paintings, so full of rich color and dark shadows, with here and there the golden high light of kingly crown or saintly halo.

BROTHER JOHN: A Tale of the First Franciscans. By Vida D. Scudder. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

Professor Scudder, of Wellesley, here presents with fine imaginative and historic perception the spiritual experiences and creedal dissensions of the early members of the "Little Order of the Brothers of Our Lady Poverty." Their founder, Francis of Assisi, is so recently dead that his influence and example are strong upon them, and their talk about him gives indirectly a portrait of his nobility, humanity, sweetness, and gentle humor. The disciples at first follow literally Christ's precepts as to poverty, and many of them hold that not

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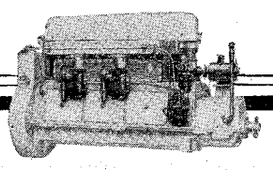

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THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street **New York**

even in common may property be held—no churches, no monasteries, no convents. Each friar must wander forth joyously and preach and sing and praise God. But gradually a less literal view gains ground and temporal, practical ideas prevail. Brother John of England takes part in this controversy, and his adventures and experiences are told with intensity and furnish the slight fictional thread of the book.

DEAR OLD TEMPLETON. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Dear old Templeton really is a dear, and young Sally Templeton, his daughter, is another, and the pair of them agreeably pervade Miss Alice Brown's new novel, where, too, there are other people we find interesting and their relations with one another no less so. There are also two less satisfactory figures. Elizabeth and her mother we rather wish had been omitted; they are not necessary and do not blend harmoniously into the fabric of the tale. With that reservation—and they are not leading characters—it may be said that "Dear Old Templeton" possesses abundant grace, charm, understanding, and humor, and we should name it without hesitation as one of the best and most pleasing of Miss Brown's novels.

THE TRIUMPH OF YOUTH. By Jacob Wassermann. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

This is so brief compared with the enormous space usually occupied by a Wassermann novel that one might almost take it as an episode in some one of the German author's works if it were not so complete in itself. Against the dark background of mediæval torture, fanaticism, and the persecution of "witches" is thrown the picture of a young teller of tales who has so enchanted the children of the country that when he lies awaiting death at the stake they swarm to his rescue in scores of thousands and by their very numbers pervade city and prison and release their dear friend. It is a charming fancy and it is admirably carried out in the telling.

Essays and Criticism

THE ROAD TO XANADU: A Study in the Ways of the Imagination. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $6.

The admirers of Professor Lowes's "Convention and Revolt in Poetry" have heard with unusual interest of the publication of this extensive study of the sources for two of Coleridge's poems, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan." It is indeed an almost monumental work of over six hundred pages, an extraordinary feat of research and scholarly enthusiasm. The author began with a manuscript notebook of Coleridge, which is now in the British Museum, and continues his researches through the books which Coleridge read. He was able to run down almost every idea and allusion in these two magical poems. As Professor Lowes says on his first page, his search led him through half the lands and all the seven seas of the globe. He gives an alphabetical list of the curious creatures, places, and personages which we find in his pages, and it runs from A for Albatrosses, to W for Water Snakes.

"The Road to Xanadu" is a fascinating mine in which to dig. It will necessarily be part of the equipment of any one who wishes to study Coleridge, and a valuable text for all who desire to consider the working of a poet's mind—or, at least, of one great poet's mind. Whether it can be read through, or even for a hundred consecutive pages, by any one except a specialist is another question. Brander Matthews once described to his friend Rudyard Kipling how he had lectured to one of his classes on the methods by which Kipling obtained his effects in one of his poems. At the end of the description Mr. Kipling asked, "Why didn't you let 'em think it was all pure genius?" Professor Lowes knows too well the mysteries of a poet's mind to think that anybody else than Samuel Taylor Coleridge could have written "The Ancient Mariner," no matter how many books of ancient voyages he had read. Probably few readers of his book will object to this baring of the skeleton and the framework. We fear, however, that "The Road to Xanadu" is essentially a professor's book. Faculties will cry for it, but the average reader may find it a bit hard to get on with. It is heavily documented and annotated. Foot-notes can disturb a reader's comfort, and this has foot-notes, and also *one hundred and fifty pages of other notes* at the end of the book. It is indeed aimed at the patient and resolute scholar. Some of these notes are interesting, but, of course, many of the others (when you pause in your reading, turn back and look them up) reveal only exasperating old "Ibid., I, 118," or "Fol. 49 a; Archiv., pp. 363–64." Your scholar is sure that these are the only safe bulwark against damnable superficiality. We believe that more than half of them could have been omitted with advantage.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES. By Elmer Edgar Stoll. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

The author discusses the First Folio, the ghosts in Shakespeare, Shylock, Falstaff, and other topics. His essays are thorough, "well-documented," but, best of all, readable.

Biography

HENRY FORD: THE MAN, THE WORKER, THE CITIZEN. By J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

A reviewer's impulse to quarrel with the publisher's note is always so strong that it would seem the part of wisdom for the latter to send out special reviewers' copies, *sans* jacket and *sans* blurb. Mr. Hamilton does not see or write of Henry Ford as an Alger hero, we are told. But that is exactly what he does see and do. In the first half of his book he prattles about Mr. Ford's life as a boy on a Michigan farm in a manner hard to endure, and the same determined simplicity and uncritical admiration mark even his description of the Ford plant. It is an excellent book for a boy, but if it was intended for a "juvenile," as librarians call the breed, it should have been so labeled. Its best parts are quoted, by permission, from the Ford-Crowther "My Life and Work" and a book identified in a foot-note as by "A. G. Gardner," evidently Alfred G. Gardiner.

THE LAST SALON. By Jeanne Maurice Pouquet. Translated by Lewis Galantière. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

"The Last Salon" is a collection of letters to and from the forceful mistress of the famous house at No. 12 Avenue Hoche. With a keen, selective eye and instinct, the author has printed only such letters as contain revealing high lights on Anatole France, Mme. Arman de Cailavet, her son Gaston, Marcel Proust, Henri de Rivière, the younger Dumas, Jules Le Maître, Maurras, and many other contemporaries of literary note. These letters are hung together on the thinnest of chronicler's threads.

If this be propaganda for Mme. de Cailavet, it is successful in bringing before the eyes of admirers of Anatole France a vivid picture of the woman who for many years played a tremendously important part in his life, and who "had only one aim in life: the work and fame of Anatole France." To know Mme. de Cailavet is to respect her. Unlimited energy, a deep thirst for knowledge, a high culture, characterize her sprightly letters, and her passion for work

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shows in every line. The letters to the boy Gaston from his mother are Spartan in their rigorous demands on his school days. No less so were her demands on Le Maître. Each of these letters from the men who pleasantly frequented Mme. de Caillavet's *salon* has its especial interest; particularly those written by Marcel Proust in his early happier days and later from his hermetically sealed sick-room; others by gallant Commander Henri de Rivière, who was killed in Cochin China, and by the doomed young Jacques Coulangheon. It is, however, significant that the letters to her from Anatole France, who said, "It is through such pages that we penetrate to the heart of human beings," shine out like giant phares.

THOMAS PAINE, PROPHET AND MARTYR OF DEMOCRACY. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.50.

The half-Quaker who became the polemist of the Revolution, whose burning words warmed the chilled blood of the patriots at Valley Forge, comes to his own in this brisk and informing volume. If written too much in the tone of vindication and defense, it is nevertheless a fine contribution to our knowledge of the man who could acclaim the "times that tried men's souls" and stir the "summer soldier and the sunshine patriot" into something stable. "The Rights of Man" bred the obloquy that followed "The Age of Reason." Proclaimed an infidel because the defenders of the house of Hanover feared an English revolution would follow the publication of "The Rights of Man," on the strength of "The Age of Reason," Paine's memory has suffered much. Not until Moncure D. Conway wrote his fine biography did the last generation know the true Thomas Paine. Miss Best has ably introduced him to the present. Her book is naturally partisan. She is a Jeffersonian and can see no good in Tories or aristocrats, neither of which had any use for Paine. But, despite this, here you have him a glowing figure with a burning brain that could not be patient with thralls either on the mind or the body. Becoming an American by adoption, he was really a citizen of the world. That a corset-maker could become a Trumpeter of Liberty seemed strange in his day.

Politics and Government

JEAN PAUL MARAT. A Study in Radicalism. By Louis R. Gottschalk. Greenberg, New York. $3.

"If the reader finds, upon perusal of the following pages," writes Professor Gottschalk, "that he cannot decide whether to admire or despise Marat, the author will feel that his task has been well accomplished." He has sought to steer a course between that of the historical writers who are wont to rehabilitate damaged souls and that of those others who are wont "to damage rehabilitated or entirely immaculate souls." He has aimed to present the weak as well as the strong points of Marat's character and to leave the decision to his readers. Industry and scholarship are evident on every page. He has examined every available source of information on his subject and has given a portrayal that must needs be treated with deep respect. One wonders, however, whether the life of such a character can be presented with rigid impartiality; and a study of these pages creates a doubt that the author has wholly succeeded in his aim. Marat's acts of viciousness and cruelty are "explained," but the explanation sometimes verges on palliation; and the book closes with what many readers will take as an appeal for lenity toward the use of any means so long as the end sought is the holy one of "revolution." "It is well to remember," writes the author, "that the explosive atmosphere of revolutions generally tends to produce some Machiavellian soul whose uncompromising sincerity, whatever its conscious or unconscious basis, recognizes no legitimate obstacle in the way of success for the cause he champions." It is also well to remember that this state of mind is not confined to revolutionists, but is generously distributed throughout the human race, and that if revolutionists are to be given a free hand as to means, so also must "ists" of all other sorts—including even reactionists.

Plays

MORE ONE ACT PLAYS BY MODERN AUTHORS. Edited by Helen Louise Cohen. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.25.

A carefully considered selection of fourteen one-act plays, none poor, several extremely good, all effectively actable, and most within the capacity of clever amateurs. Notable among the last for picturesque or literary as well as dramatic quality are "Hearts Enduring," a tragic miniature drama of the Middle Ages by John Erskine, the graceful sketch of Charles Lamb and his sister by Harold Brighouse, "The Night of Mr. H.," and Christopher Morley's light and lively "Good Theatre," in which Shakespeare and Bacon visit a modern Broadway show. Among the other authors represented are Paul Green, Stanley Houghton, A. A. Milne, Eugene O'Neill, and Robert Frost.

Religion

RELIGION AND MODERN LIFE. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This collection of nineteen lectures, delivered in Phillips Brooks House, Harvard University, during the academic years 1924–6, forms an invaluable practical casebook of modern theology, treated as religion must be to-day—experimentally and frankly. The subjects dealt with are such as are always coming up wherever serious discussion starts, and vary from such themes as "Personal Religion," "Mysticism and Prayer," "Sin, Conversion, Forgiveness and Atonement," to other more pragmatic ones like "Religion, Its Productive Value," "The Church and Business," "Religion and Health," "Religion in Law and Politics." The speakers, who have in many cases enlarged their lectures, are drawn both from the University authorities and the outside world, and include President Eliot, Bishops Lawrence and Slattery, Professors Munro, Pound, Hocking, and such business men as A. Lincoln Filene and Roger Babson. Altogether they build up such a constructive modern theology as makes us enthusiastic for this volume for quiet private reading and for study in family, school, and church.

Miscellaneous

THE JUNK SNUPPER. The Adventures of an Antique Collector. By C. R. Clifford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

Description of the art of collecting antiques. A brief book; a heavy book, physically; a rather well illustrated book; an expensive book; but an amusing book.

Books Received

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK, 1926. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and William M. Schuyler. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.50.

THE STORY OF NAPLES. By Cecil Headlam. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

CALL OF THE HOUSE. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

THE WILDERNESS OF SINAI. By H. J. Llewellyn Beadnell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $4.

THE SMALL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL. By Francis T. Spaulding. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $2.50.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By Max L. Margolis and Alexander Marx. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.

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Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

Phonograph Records

QUINTET IN F MINOR, Opus 34 (Brahms). Played by Harold Bauer and the Flonzaley Quartet. In ten parts, on five records. Victor. $12.50.

One of the most satisfying pieces of music that has ever been written is this Brahms quintet for piano, two violins, viola, and 'cello. Like all of Brahms, it is rugged, noble—the sort of music which grows with each new hearing. And it is also filled with that spontaneous flow of beauty which Brahms did not always completely attain. How very characteristic of Brahms is that ending of the first movement with the intervals of a sixth in the bowed instruments! And could anything be more "catchy"—yes, "catchy" is the word—than the lullaby-like theme with which the piano opens the second movement? It is in such a place that we thank our lucky stars that Harold Bauer is seated at the piano. Every note of his playing is in accord with the mood of the music. In fact, Bauer walks away with the honors in this performance; his entire treatment is that of an ensemble player, not a soloist. The results are gratifying—especially in the Scherzo, but in the other movements as well. The Flonzaleys are also in usual form. The very romanticism of their playing is enough to counteract any possible fright on the listener's part that Brahms is forbidding and austere. Though the recording cannot stand at the very top of the new recordings, it is perfectly adequate.

CONCERTO IN D MAJOR, Opus 61 (Beethoven). Played by Fritz Kreisler and the State Opera Orchestra of Berlin, conducted by Dr. Leo Blech. In eleven parts, on six records, the twelfth part being Bach's **Adagio from Partita in G Minor.** $15.

After years of Kreisler discs which have presented us with everything from pretty trifles to miniature gems, all played to perfection, the public has at last a chance to hear a recorded performance by Kreisler of something big. Fortunately, this opportunity is worth taking full advantage of. The Beethoven concerto, in spite of its abundance of mere display passages, is expressively beautiful. Kreisler is not disappointing. The microphone catches every detail of his playing, and with such volume that he seems in the room itself; when played on a small-sized instrument, this makes his tone seem occasionally a little strident. But for the most part there is nothing but joy in listening to his tone. The State Opera Orchestra gives a sympathetic performance. Its recording passes muster, but if any faults are to be enumerated, they are as follows: It is slightly out of balance with the solo violin, being too much in the background; it is somewhat weak on the lower register—in particular, the kettle-drums; and it lacks the acoustical reverberation which gives music its third dimension. Cadenzas can be stupid things, but the Kreisler cadenzas are delightful. The Bach Adagio on the left-over side, too, should not be missed.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG—Song of the Rhine Daughters (Wagner). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood; **DER FLIEGENDE HOLLANDER—Overture; TANNHÄUSER—Venusberg Music; SIEGFRIED IDYLL; PARSIFAL—Transformation Scene** (Wagner). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Walter. In sixteen parts, on eight records. Columbia. $12.

This Wagner album is a most welcome one. It offers plenty of variety—the blustering and stormy grandeur of the "Flying Dutchman," the gorgeous frenzy of the Bacchanale, the calm beauty of the Idyll, the solemnity of the "Parsifal" selection. This variety carries through to the performances, which are not on a uniform level. But the good far outbalances the mediocre. Highest praise should go to Bruno Walter's "Venusberg Music" and "Siegfried Idyll." In Walter's hands, Wagner's music becomes superlatively plastic and supple. In the "Tannhäuser" we miss the chorus of sirens, but perhaps it is as well to keep the orchestral excerpts entirely instrumental. Offhand, the choice of Sir Henry Wood to conduct the "Song of the Rhine Daughters" would seem an unhappy one. It turns out to be not entirely so, but there is a certain stodginess about his performance that does not fit the music. The recording of all these selections is agreeably sharp and clear.

QUARTET IN C MAJOR—Opus 54, No. 2 (Haydn). Played by the Musical Art Quartet. In five parts, on three records, the sixth part being Haydn's **Quartet in D, Vivace.** Columbia. $4.50.

QUARTET IN F MAJOR—"American," Opus 96 (Dvorák). Played by the Budapest String Quartet. In six parts, on three records. Victor. $4.50.

An unusually delightful Haydn quartet is this one in C Major, partly so because the Musical Art Quartet gives it such a charming performance. The work is not particularly momentous, but it is pleasing; the ornamentation which falls to the lot of the first violin in the Adagio, for instance, is beautiful in spite of itself! An excellent recording, too.

The "American" Quartet suffers from the same drawbacks which beset Dvořák's symphony "From the New World." Its thematic material does not stand the test of repeated playings. Some of it is so like the "New World" that it sounds like a repetition on first hearing. Nevertheless the score as a whole is enjoyable. The recording is not strong, and at times one instrument will fade into the background, leaving an uncertain balance, but the Budapest players have a beauty of tone that justifies their performance.

DIE MEISTERSINGER—Overture (Wagner).
MIGNON—Overture (Thomas).
LARGO—from "Xerxes" (Handel); **POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE—March No. 1** (Elgar).
SLAVONIC DANCE NO. 8—in G Minor (Dvorák); **FAIRY TALES—Folk dance** (Suk).
WINE, WOMAN, AND SONG; SOUTHERN ROSES (Strauss).
Played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Frederick Stock. Victor. Each record, $2.

This group of records, as I understand, have been released at present only in the Chicago territory. They show a distinct advance in the art of recording over the former Chicago Orchestra records. One thing which I cannot refrain from mentioning in this connection is the acoustical effect of the concert hall. Several times I have heard the concert hall echo spoken of as a liability rather than an asset to a disc. Usually the phrase "empty hall" is used. This view-point, I think, is the result of habit plus imagination. Habit, because the phonograph never used to produce room tones. Imagination, because in an actual concert the mind separates the echo from the rest of the music and afterwards is unable to realize how much was present. Yet if some of the echo were removed that much brilliance would be lost. These Chicago records reproduce the acoustics excellently.

The "Meistersinger" Prelude is a record to be prized. Stock's reading is flawless. The illusion of reality is remarkable. No

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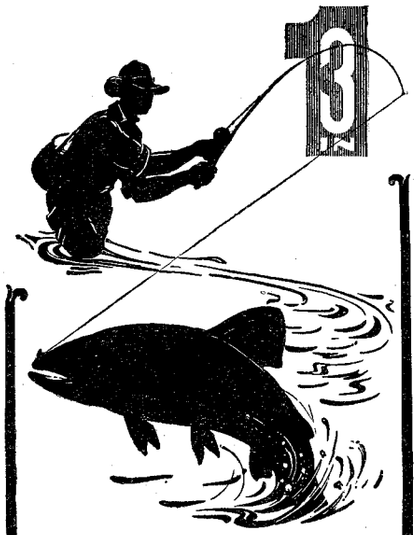

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violation of balance is evident; flute and oboe are in their proper relation to the rest of the orchestra, which is so often not the case. The "Mignon" Overture is still more flashingly performed. The other numbers are all short "pop" concert material, but in no case has Stock slighted the performance. Each receives suave, yet brilliant treatment. The "Slavonic Dance"—unsophisticated and full of gay abandon—stands out particularly.

CLAIRE DE LUNE; TOCCATA IN C SHARP MINOR (Debussy). Played by Percy Grainger. Columbia. $1.50.

WALTZ IN C SHARP MINOR—Opus 64, No. 2; WALTZ IN A FLAT MAJOR—Opus 64, No. 3 (Chopin). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor. $1.50.

BARCAROLLE—JUNE. Opus 37, No. 6 (Tschaikowsky); **SCARF DANCE; THE FLATTERER** (Chaminade). Played by Leopold Godowsky. Brunswick. $2.

Perhaps some may not like to have Debussy so masculinely played, but to me it is refreshing, when combined with an interpretation that shows true regard for the music. If ever there were justification for program music, there is in "Claire de Lune." What could better suggest rippling moonlight on the water? The "Toccata" shows Debussy in more rugged vein. Rachmaninoff puts his usual sparkle into the two waltzes. Godowsky has chosen an agreeable but inconsequential program. In parts of the "Barcarolle" the reproduction of the piano is stunningly good.

GOYESCAS—Intermezzo (Granados); **ADAGIO FROM TOCCATA IN G MAJOR** (Bach). Played by Pablo Casals. Victor. $2.

A re-recording of a disc issued two years ago. "Goyescas" is luring, the "Adagio" hauntingly lovely.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 2 (Liszt). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor. $2.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY NO. 2 (Liszt). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. In four parts, on two records. Columbia. $3.

ZAMPA—Overture (Herold). Played by the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Henry J. Wood. Columbia. $1.50.

SONG OF INDIA (Rimsky-Korsakoff); **SLEEPING BEAUTY—Waltz** (Tschaikowsky). Played by the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff. Brunswick. $1.50.

WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE (Rossini). Played by the Victor Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rosario Bourdon. In four parts, on two records. Victor. $1.50.

More orchestral light music. The Stokowski record deserves special mention, because as a sheer *tour de force* it is tremendous. The muscular power in the massed strings is breath-taking. Sir Henry Wood's version of the "Rhapsody," unfortunately, falls far short of adequacy. It lacks conviction and gusto. It is like an old lady trying to play pirate.

SPRING SONG (Mendelssohn); **SÉRÉNITÉ** (Vieuxtemps). Played by Renée Chemet. Victor. $1.50.

Mlle. Chemet's violin has not a large tone, but a most pleasing one. She plays these little pieces with refreshing simplicity.

ERLKÖNIG (Schubert); **RINALDO—Lascia ch'io pianga** (Handel). Sung by Sigrid Onegin. Brunswick. $2.

DANNY DEEVER (Damrosch); **ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAY** (Speaks). Sung by Reinald Werrenrath. Victor. $2.

In the famous Schubert song dramatic interest overshadows musical interest. Sigrid Onegin plays up to the part with true melodrama. In the tuneful air from "Rinaldo" her tone is charming, but her intonation uncertain. When it comes to melodrama, no one can do it better than Werrenrath. The only thing I could wish for in "Danny Deever" is clearer enunciation.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE (Gershwin). Played by George Gershwin, and Paul Whiteman and his Concert Orchestra. Victor. $1.25.

This historically important and musically stimulating combination of jazz and serious music is now recorded electrically. A little disappointing in that the piano reproduction is only fair, and is frequently drowned out by the band. Nevertheless a most welcome record.

IBERIA—Images pour orchestre, No. 2 (Debussy). Played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Paul Klenau. In five parts, on three records, the sixth part being Debussy's **L'Enfant Prodigue: Cortège et air de danse.** $4.50.

Unfortunately, the copy of these records for review did not reach The Outlook at the time of going to press.

Piano Rolls

IMPROMPTU, Opus 31 (Fauré). Played by Mieczyslaw Münz. Ampico.

This impromptu is carried along through its charming course by a perpetual-motion rhythm. The fluency of Mr. Münz's performance accentuates this effect.

PETITE VALSE (Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler. Ampico.

There is a delicate, lilting rhythm to this waltz, which is flavored with Kreisler's chromatic style—the same chromaticism which puts a tang in Balakirev's "Islamey."

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GOVERNESS or companion for girl of twelve, Philadelphia suburbs. Applicant must be fond of outdoors and not over twenty-five years of age. 7,894, Outlook.

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HOUSEKEEPER. New York music critic, widower, with four carefully trained children, seeks refined, educated woman to take charge of comfortable small home in suburbs. Must be able to do most of housework, including cooking. 7,897, Outlook.

LADY, cook-housekeeper, wanted for family of six. Country. Exceptionally pleasant position. Address Mrs. Marble, Wilton Conn.

SCHOLARLY gentleman, visiting tutor for two boys rating as seniors in high school. Work from September till June. Morning hours, nine till one, suburbs of Philadelphia. In reply, please state full particulars as to ability and experience. If possible, mention telephone number. Family's going away makes prompt reply imperative. 7,910, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

WANTED, by Sept. 15, gentleman companion for semi-invalid willing to read aloud and drive automobile. References. Mrs. J. D. Pratt, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

ACCOMPLISHED woman will be governess. 7,886, Outlook.

AGREEABLE lady wishes to be travel companion. 7,887, Outlook.

AMERICAN woman, experienced, take charge of widower's, bachelor's, business girls' home, matron institution, companion to woman, girls' club, school. 7,905, Outlook.

COLLEGE student wishes summer position as traveling companion or tutor. Drives any make automobile. Fine references. Box 521, Bardstown, Ky.

COMPANION-chauffeur. Young woman' expert driver; assist household. Cuban college student. 7,911, Outlook.

COMPANIONING desired in established home of American gentlewoman by Protestant American lady, literary, linguist, traveled, who enjoys nature, gardens, dogs. Accustomed to servants. Or to preside in similar motherless home. 7,899, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housemother desires connection with school or institution. Boys preferred. 7,908, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, companion, teacher. Permanent position wanted by French-Swiss teacher; experienced. Moderate salary. References. 7,876, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, supervising, thoroughly competent, disengaged after July 1. 7,906, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

SOUTHERN lady wishes position where refinement and efficiency count. Fond of children. Have had experience as dietitian, companion, and some office work. References exchanged. 7,907, Outlook.

TWO competent, experienced women desire positions in club house, institution, or large school. One an expert stenographer and familiar with all kinds of clerical work, the other a dietitian and first-class housekeeper. Best references. 7,875, Outlook.

UNPREJUDICED? Position sought for attractive young Chinese woman, university graduate. Education, social service, typing. Highest references. 7,901, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement, with executive ability, in last situation four years as manager of household in motherless home, wishes similar position. Best of references given and required. Address Box 7,912, Outlook.

WOMAN, seventeen years' experience as commercial teacher, secretary, and accountant, desires secretarial position. Good references. Interview if desired. Address 7,909, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

TEACHER will take into her home in the country during summer three normal, healthy children, aged five to nine years. Board $15 per week each. Best care. Miss Harriet S. Allen, White Creek, N. Y.

By the Way

A READER sends in these Japanese traffic rules:

"At the rise of the hand of policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

"When a passenger of the foot hoves in sight, tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obsticles your passage, tootle him with a vigor and express by word of the mouth the warning, 'Hi, hi.'

"Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him. Go soothingly by, or stop by the roadside till he passes away.

"Give big space to the festive dog that makes sport in the roadway. And avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

"Go soothingly on the grease mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you role around the corners to save collapse and tie-up."

The speed of a Kansas jack-rabbit is timed at thirty-eight miles an hour. Dr. H. L. Halthouse, of McPherson, Kansas, jumped a jack-rabbit when driving. The animal took to the road ahead of his car. He "stepped on her," and the race was on. At twenty-five miles an hour the rabbit yawned with boredom. The speed was run up to thirty and then thirty-five, with the long-eared bunny holding his own. The speed was further increased, and when the speedometer showed thirty-eight miles the car gained. At forty miles an hour the rabbit jumped sidewise and disappeared in the swamp alongside the road.

An advertisement quoted in the "Christian Register" reads:

"Buy your home by installments. One-tenth down and reminder weekly."

An enormous electric sign on Broadway, New York City, bears the words "The Greatest Musical Comedy Ever Produced." This subtitle has remained stationary for the last ten shows advertised.

Scotchman stories are a bit tiresome, we agree, but we laughed at this:

"Have you heard of the Scotchman who made his daughter get married in the back yard?"

"No. Why did he do that?"

"So when the wedding was over, the chickens could pick up the rice."

The following story about Dean Inge reaches the Manchester "Guardian:"

An American publisher cabled to the Dean: "Will you write your life? Offer two thousand pounds." The Dean cabled back that he would not write his life. The American publisher then cabled: "Will you write life of Christ? Lower terms, of course."

"Don't you think he is a convincing talker?"

"I did, till he talked back to a traffic cop."

The "New Yorker" reports the following instance of communism in our midst:

"A greengrocer had a puzzling customer in the person of a young woman who regularly every Thursday bought from him a bill of goods totaling twenty-five dollars or so, but who bought nothing at all on the other days of the week. Conducting an investigation, he discovered a league of seven married couples who rotate from house to house for dinner, each serving a meal at home just one night a week and then serving the whole fourteen."

There are now 3,806 landing-fields in the United States. The State of Texas leads with 274, California has 251, Illinois 240, Pennsylvania 183, and New York 182.

President Eliot was once introduced to a lady who had attained the age of one hundred years. "What," he asked, "would you say, as you look back over your long life, has given you the greatest and most enduring pleasure?" The dear old thing didn't meditate very long. "My *vittles,*" she replied.

From "Capper's Weekly:"

The professor of astronomy had shown his fair visitor all through the observatory, and explained the work in minute detail.

"I can understand how a new star might be discovered," she remarked sweetly, "but how do you clever people ever find out its name?"

There are but ten broadcast stations in the United States that are showing a profit, states H. A. Bellows, of the Federal Radio Commission. Of the 694 stations, only 25 are owned by manufacturers of electrical equipment, 13 per cent by radio dealers, 23 per cent by educational and religious institutions, and 9 per cent by newspapers.

"The phenomenal growth of cartoons and comics in newspapers was graphically shown recently in a survey made as a requirement of a graduate degree in the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York," writes Myra M. Waterman in "Editor and Publisher." "A single newspaper, the New York 'World,' was chosen for the survey, covering the years 1899 to 1923. An average of five years around these two dates was taken to insure accuracy, and the following percentages were computed:

	Per Cent
Local politics	6 decline
Comic cartoons	212 decline
National and foreign	19 increase
Seasonal cartoons	109 increase
Comic strips	327 increase
Sport cartoons	386 increase
Civic cartoons	552 increase
Caricatures	1023 increase
Total, cartoons and comics	123 increase

"It is interesting to note the corresponding increases and declines in editorial space. In a survey made for 'Editor and Publisher' for May 31, 1924, figures compiled by Wilcox in 1899 and White in 1923 were compared, and the percentage of space delegated by 63 leading American newspapers to various phases of the news tallied. The following results were computed:

	Per Cent
Miscellaneous	32 decline
Editorials	77 decline
Letters to editor	180 decline
Society	275 decline
General news	1 increase
Political news	1 increase
Business news	4 increase
Foreign news	9 increase
Advertising	43 increase
Sport news	47 increase
Crime news	58 increase
Illustrations	84 increase"

Seven words of six letters each needed:

When I am through with life, some one will come
And —— my rainment with the utmost care;
One who —— skillfully will line a box;
Some sturdy —— will a grave prepare.
Then I shall rest; but long life is ——.
The anagram —— my —— brain
Against life's jars. When I have caught and ——
Those straying words, I'm somewhat less insane.

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The Thousandfold Thrill of Life

A horny-handed and sin-seared skipper, a lawless soldier with a light-o'-love in every port, a cattle keeper on shipboard, an engineer amidst his oily engines, are put before us in Kipling's stories and poems—says the editor of The Warner Library—so that we recognize them as lovable fellow-creatures responsive to the thousandfold thrill of life.

An electric cable, a steam-engine, a banjo, or a mess-room toast offer occasion for song; and lo! they are converted by the alchemy of the imagination until they become a type and an illumination of the red-blooded life of mankind. The ability to achieve this is a crowning characteristic and merit of Rudyard Kipling's work.

Had Kipling stopped with his rollicking ballads of the barrack-room he would have won his place in the hall of famous poets, but he went further and higher as the uncrowned laureate of the English-speaking people.

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Name.....

Address.....

Free for All

War and Pinochle

On page 235 of the June 22 issue you speak of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" Regiment. May I ask if the other regiments are supposed to have been playing pinochle while this modest and retiring regiment was "fighting"? Brag is a good dog, and there is not wanting those who gladly assist in the propaganda. Tell us about the Irish regiment in the Mexican War which deserted. HENRY CONNELLY.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No Proof of Scour

A weak point, yes, the weak point in Engineer Freeman's article in the issue of June 8, is his easy assumption that levees will cause the Mississippi to "scour" its bed and reduce it lower constantly than at present, thus rendering lower levees possible for the future.

Whence this expectation?

Does a study of the Eads jetty system furnish any hope of this? Under the most favorable placing of opposite jetties there is little or no "scour."

According to Mr. Freeman's own statement, too, levee building on the lower Hwangho has resulted in raising the bed of that river thirty feet above the surrounding country. Moreover, the Hwangho is not a crooked river like the Mississippi, which drops mud in all its many bends.

I am glad Mr. Freeman advocates building flood refuges. They will be needed.

C. A. STEPHENS.
The Laboratory,
Norway Lake, Maine.

Observations from a Western Publisher

A subscriber to The Outlook, inspired by a letter in the New York "Times," recently wrote to the distinguished publisher of the "Spokesman-Review" of Spokane, Washington, inquiring as to the sentiment in Washington in regard to prohibition. We are glad to have the opportunity of publishing here Mr. Cowles's reply to this inquiry. THE EDITORS.

Your letter inquiring about prohibition conditions in the State of Washington followed me on a trip East from which I recently returned here.

There is much misrepresentation by the wets of the conditions throughout the country. Here in Spokane they describe the frightful conditions in New York City, and one would expect to see half the people on the streets there drunk. In the New York newspapers and other wet Eastern papers it is a popular game for wet enthusiasts to describe the conditions in the Western dry States as wet.

My own observation is that conditions are enormously improved in New York City over what they were before prohibition. In the clubs and banquets which I attend there I see a very great difference. This last April I was at an annual banquet of a thousand members of a National organization. Fifteen years ago the rear part of the banquet hall was a bedlam of drunken men. This year there was not a single man showing any signs of intoxication. It is a fact that at half a dozen tables near where I sat in the back of the room two or three men had brought something in a flask and poured it into their glasses. Even so, there was not two per cent of the amount of liquor and wine drunk at that banquet that was drunk at the same banquet fifteen years ago, with the same men and their friends in attendance.

I didn't see a drunken man while I was in New York, and I have not seen one here in a long time. It is a fact that one who goes to look for it can find liquor in Spokane. We have published that fact repeatedly, but when one considers the amount that was drunk in the saloons, restaurants, and clubs before prohibition, the amount used now, even when one considers those of the so-called smart set who think it necessary to disregard the law in their homes, it is a mighty small item.

The big thing is that we have done away with the saloons, and, in my judgment, we have the only practical method of dealing with the liquor crowd—namely, to outlaw them entirely, just as we outlaw those who commit social offenses and crimes like highway robbery, burglary, opium selling, etc. The fact is, we are making pretty good progress with this law. No great reform has ever been put over in this country in less than twenty or thirty years. It will probably take a generation to convince the wets that they cannot break down this Prohibition Law.

I am glad to answer your letter, as I am very sure that sentiment in this State is as overwhelmingly dry as it ever has been. As to the country as a whole, the situation is shown by the votes of members of Congress and United States Senators. There are more of them voting dry now than there have been at any time, in spite of the great effort made at the last election by the wets to elect their partisans in place of drys. W. H. COWLES,
Publisher of the "Spokesman-Review."
Spokane, Washington.

Contributors' Gallery

EMILE VANDERVELDE is a prominent Belgian statesman, orator, and Socialist. He was born at Ixelles, near Brussels, in 1866, and was educated at the University of Brussels. He has been actively associated with the Labor Party since his advent into public life and an acknowledged force in this group. During the war Vandervelde devoted himself to problems of national defense and the liberation of his invaded country, and it was at this period that he first became a member of the Cabinet. At the time of the peace negotiations and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles he was active in obtaining the insertion of labor clauses, relating especially to the eight-hour day. After the war, as Minister of Justice, he brought about great humanitarian and scientific reforms in the prison system. When the Labor Party came into prominence in 1925, he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs. In this capacity he played an important part in negotiating the Locarno Pact in 1925, which he signed on behalf of Belgium.

JAMES A. TEN EYCK has been coaching the Syracuse University crews since 1903, with the exception of two years. Before that he coached at the United States Naval Academy and at the Duluth Boat Club. He probably has rowed more races than any other living man, and has developed many famous oarsmen and crews. He himself held the New England single-scull championship for some time and was a member of various championship crews. Some of the fastest scullers that ever pulled an oar, two of whom he mentions in his article, were developed by him.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL is a new contributor to The Outlook, though her poems appear frequently in many journals. She is a resident of Dallas, Texas.

As will be remembered by our readers, this is the third series of the interesting "Letters from Nicaragua." They are actual letters, written by an American naval officer to his wife.

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If you read music, turn to the pages of "First Bars of Famous Music." Read over the musical notes there and see how many of the really famous songs of the world you can remember.

Clip out the coupon on this page and mail it to us to-day. You will want your copy of GUESS AGAIN to liven up those coming week-end and vacation parties. It's the high spot of the most popular pastime yet devised!

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